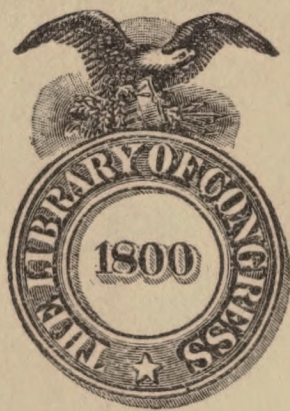


Story- Telling Time



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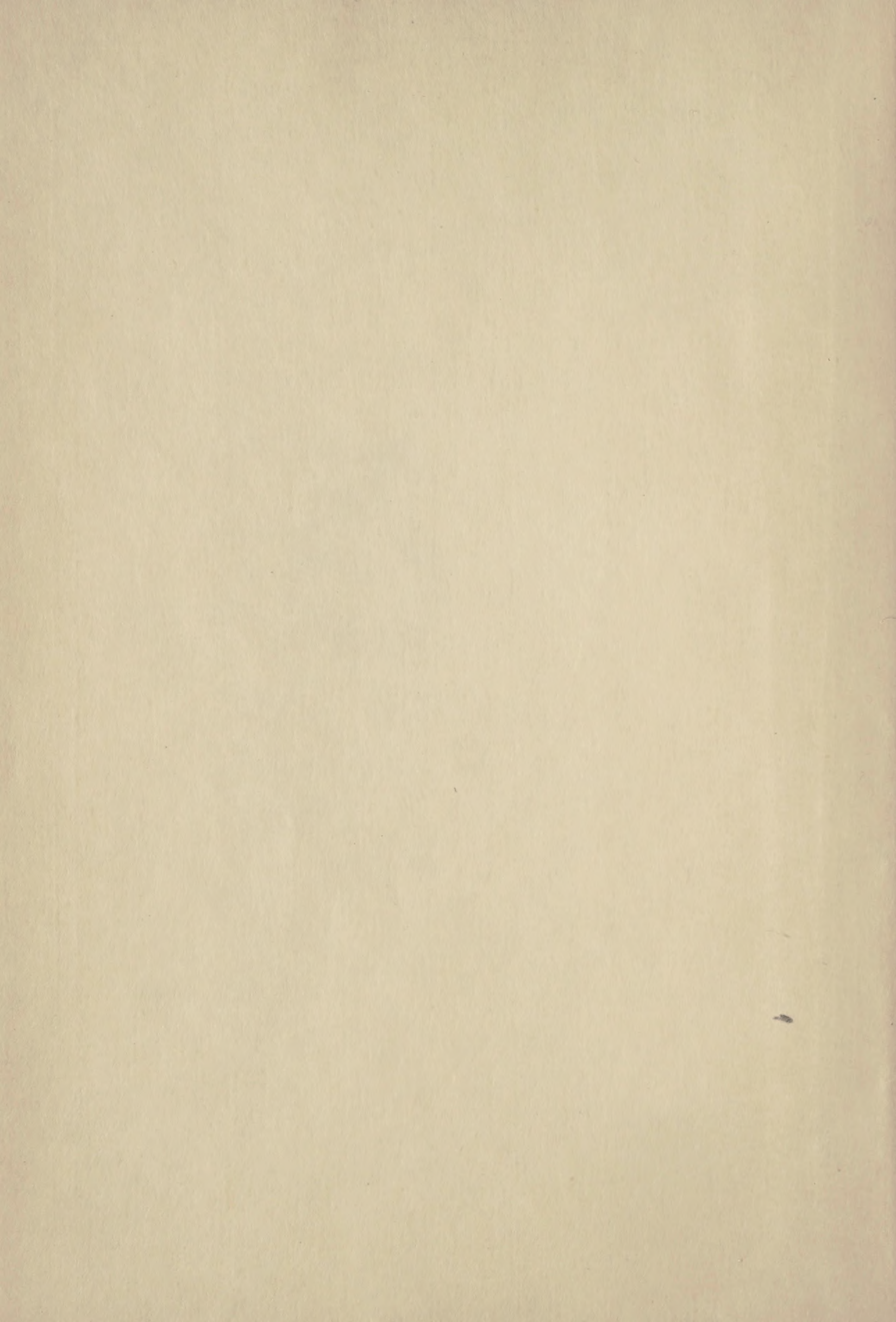


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STORY TELLING TIME



A Stitch in Time Saves Nine

STORY TELLING TIME

COMPILED BY
FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CLARA E. ATWOOD F. LILEY YOUNG
NANA FRENCH BICKFORD



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By an Open Fire

THE FIRELIGHT HOUR

QUICK tears are on the window-pane,
A noisy wind that storms in vain
Against a heedless sky. Heigho,
Wet weather's here again!

Hurry and heap the wood-box higher;
Throw on a log, for dark creeps nigher;
Draw big arm chair and little stool
Before the rosy fire.

The popcorn dances in the heat,
The rows of apples at our feet
Turn toasted cheeks against the blaze,
Juicy and warm and sweet.

This is the time when tales come true,
When fairy folk and sprites are due,
And knights and princes ride abroad
Just as they used to do, —

Till faint in every corner stand
Dim visitors, a shadowy band.
Look! where the bureau loomed before,
Robin Hood, hat in hand!

The low flame flutters like an elf,
The clock croons on the mantel shelf,
Outside the chill wind shakes the doors,
Complaining to itself.

Almost asleep — why, Nodding Head!
Too far the path of legends led.
Your heart had reached the bourne o'
dreams.

Right about face for bed!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

TONY BEAR AT THE PEACOCK HOUSE

SEE how tall I am," said dear, wee, baby Tony Bear, as he stood on his hind feet by the Bear Tree, and made a mark with claw and paw as high as he could reach.

All the bears in the wood go to the Bear Tree to show how tall they are. The mark Tony Bear made was the very lowest on the tree, but he was the very smallest bear in all the wood.

"Yes," said Mamma Bear, "you will soon be a big bear."

"I am a big bear now, and I wish to find a bee-tree, and have seven pawfuls of honey for my tea."

"Oh, no, no!" said Mamma Bear, "the bees would sting you. Stay and play in our wood till you are big and wise."

Furry Tony Bear stood on his tiptoes, and stretched his right paw very high on the Bear Tree, and said, "See! I *am* big and wise, and I wish to get honey."

"Dear, wee Tony Bear," said Mamma Bear, "a bear must be brave before he can go alone to the deep woods."

Tony Bear hung his head. "I'm some brave," he said, "but it is dark at night in our tree. My bed is too high on the big root and there *might* be a BOY or GIRL hiding there."

"Silly, darling, furry Tony Bear, MAN lives miles from here, and does not come in the dark."

Tony Bear did not look kind, and he shut his little eyes up tight and said, "It is day. I'm all brave now. I'm going to get honey this very minute."

Naughty Tony Bear ran out of the wood on his soft padded feet. He ran through the wood till he came to a great forest.

"Where are you going, Baby Bear?" asked the birds.

"For wild honey," said Tony Bear.

"*Sweet, sweet, sweet!*" sang the birds loud and high, and the bees lay still in the flowers till Tony Bear passed. Not a bee did he see.

He ran and he ran and he ran and he ran and he ran and he ran, and not a bee-tree did he find. At last he sat right down flat

on the ground. He saw that dusk had come.

"Oh, dear!" said Tony Bear, "I want to be in my home." But he was too tired to run any more.

"*Wah! Wah! Wah!*" cried Tony Bear.

"Be quiet!" said a gruff voice, and a wise old Grizzly came by. "You sound like a calf instead of a brave bear. You are lost. Stop howling — it does no good. Stay at the Peacock House till morning, then go home and wait till you are brave."

Poor wee, baby Tony Bear did not cry any more. He got up on his tired, sore feet. Far off he saw a little white and green latticed house.

"I'll try to be brave," he said, and limped along the dark wood path toward the Peacock House.

By and by he came to the queer little latticed green and white Peacock House, and scratched at the door. There was — oh, dear! — what a noise! Tony Bear grew cold with fear, but he did not run away. He pushed the door open, and there stood all the screaming peacocks in a row.

Said the eldest peacock, "Who are you? What do you wish?"

"Oh," said Tony Bear, "may I stay till morning? I will do all that you say."

"Do you eat peacocks?" asked the eldest peacock.

"Never," said Tony Bear.

"Are you good?" asked the eldest peacock.

"Y-e-e-s," said Tony Bear, "some good."

"Are you wise?"

"Not very," said Tony Bear.

"Are you brave?"

"No," said Tony Bear, and he looked so sweet and dear that all the peacocks looked less proud.

"What do you fear?" asked they.

"I'm afraid of the dark. I'm afraid to go to bed. I'm afraid there's a BOY hiding there."

"The very idea!" laughed all the peacocks, and they made Tony Bear sit down on the clean straw, and gave him sweet yellow corn to eat, and they stood in a circle around him, and polished their drooping feathers.

How good that corn did taste! By and by the Dark came. All the peacocks went to bed. By and by the dark, dark Dark came.



Photograph by Jane Dudley

“WHAT DO YOU FEAR?” ASKED THEY

"*Sniff, sniff!*" heard Tony Bear at the door. "*Scratch, scratch!*" and open came the door. There stood a great fox in the moonlight. Oh, how Tony Bear's heart did beat! How he *did* wish he was at home!

"I *will* be brave," he said, and ran at the fox, and hugged him tight.

"*Yelp! Yelp!*" cried the fox, and ran away, and Tony Bear told the screaming peacocks all about it, and fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes, it was morning and his feet were not lame.

"Thank you all. I have had a lovely time and now I must go," he said, and the peacocks stood in a row in the sun to bid him farewell.

"Here is my most beautiful feather for you," said the eldest peacock. "Hang it over your bed. It will watch with its wise eyes, and you need not be afraid." And every peacock gave him a beautiful feather.

"Good-bye," said Tony Bear.

"Look!" said the eldest peacock, and all the peacocks spread their tails for Tony Bear, and he was dazzled by the splendor. There they stood in the sun till Tony Bear was out of sight, and he looked back many times.

When Tony Bear came to his home he said, "I am not very big, and not at all wise, but, Mamma Bear, I wish to be brave. I will not go away any more till I am brave," and he told Mamma Bear all about it.

"You were brave," said Mamma Bear, "and I will teach you to find a bee-tree this very day," and she did.

How good that honey was! Tony Bear sat on the ground and ate all he wanted. They came home in the dark, dark Dark.

"I'll take you to bed now," said Mamma Bear.

"No," said Tony Bear bravely, "I will go alone."

He went to the hollow tree, and climbed on to his bed of leaves over which the peacock feathers were watching, and in one minute dear, wee, baby, furry Tony Bear was fast asleep.

ANNE SCHÜTZE

WHEN MOTHER'S GONE AWAY

MOTHER'S gone away!
I shouldn't think that mother
would,
Although I promised I'd be good.
I said I'd be contented, too,
But that was all before I knew
How very hard it is to play,
When mother's gone away.

Molly wouldn't play.
She came to spend the afternoon
And then went home an hour too soon.
She said that I was cross, but I
Cannot be happy if I try,
When mother's gone away.

Dolls are cross today.
Rosa Belle is in disgrace.
She almost slapped Matilda's face.
I've got Matilda here with me,
They're so unkind to disagree,
When mother's gone away.

She isn't going to stay.
She's coming home right after tea,
And then she'll sit and cuddle me.
The dolls will all be happy then,
Tomorrow Molly'll come again,
And I'll forget this dreadful day
When mother went away.

HANNAH G. FERNALD

PHILIP'S FLOUR BARREL

A TRUE STORY

WHEN Philip was a little boy, he lived with his father and mother in a house made of logs. The house had two windows and one door, and Philip's father built nearly every bit of it himself. They lived so far from other people that when Philip walked all around the log house, looking everywhere, he could not see another house.

Philip's father plowed and planted great fields of wheat. The fields were so big, and some of them were so far from the little log house, that he had to take his dinner in a basket and ride ever so far.

When the autumn came and the wheat was cut down, and sent to a big mill to be made into flour, father said it was time to think about winter. Mother said they would do just as the squirrels did. They would fill the cellar with things to eat, and stuff up all the cracks so that Jack Frost could not get

in, and then they would not mind how hard the wind blew or how much snow fell.

So father got the big wagon ready, and mother made a list of the things father was to buy. It was such a long list that it covered both sides of a big sheet of paper. There were a great many nice things on the list — not only flour and sugar, but picture-books and games and a paint-box.

Philip thought he could hardly wait for father to get back, but mother said they must not expect him very soon, for he would have to drive two days to get to the town where the stores were. They went to bed very early that night, and when they woke up in the morning it was snowing, and it snowed and snowed all day and all night and all the next day. The snow was so deep that it covered the windows of the log house, and mother had to keep a candle burning all day.

Mother cooked and sewed, and they read Philip's books again and again, and the snow became deeper than the house was high. They knew that father could not drive through such deep snow, and they tried to be patient. Mother taught Philip to knit

and to print his name. When she made bread and cookies, she would say, "Father is sure to come before the flour is all gone," and Philip would say, "Of course he will."

One day, when mother wanted flour, she had to reach way down into the barrel, and the flour scoop made a great noise scratching the wood, for the flour was nearly gone. When Philip went to bed that night, he asked mother if she had heard the flour scoop scratching the wood.

"Yes," she said, "and the heavenly Father heard it, too. He is taking care of us, you will see."

In the night the weather changed. It grew warmer, and in the morning Philip heard the snow dripping and running, as it melted away. Then they knew that father would come soon, and the light came through the tops of the windows, and they were glad, for the candles were all gone.

The snow had been melting for two days, and Philip sat knitting and thinking how queer it would be to go to bed without any supper. Mother was knitting, too, and thinking the same thing. Philip thought he heard something, and then they both

heard a soft, thudding sound. Mother opened the door, and great heaps of wet snow fell in on the kitchen floor. She saw the wagon standing in the road piled high with bundles, and father was digging a path to the door. He had a fine, new snow shovel, and when he saw mother, he waved it as though it were a flag.

That night they had mush and bacon and sweet crackers for supper, and father told them all about his journey. Then Philip ran and got his printing and his knitting, and father was surprised to see how much he had learned.

"And father," said Philip, "the flour scoop told that the flour was all gone, and the heavenly Father heard it, and sent the warm wind to melt the snow so that you could come home."

ELIZABETH COLSON

SHE INTRODUCED HERSELF

THE lady talked and mamma talked,
 (It was a long, long call)
 And both forgot the little maid,
 Who never spoke at all.

She was so good, she sat so still,
 She never stirred a curl.
At last she introduced herself —
 “I’m mamma’s Little Girl!”

EDITH M. THOMAS

A BOLD FISHERMAN

ONE day I ran away from home
And hurried to the brook.
I had a crooked pin and string
For fishing-line and hook.

I might have caught some whales and things
And had a lovely day,
Though something, where my heart goes
thump,
Kept hurting all the way.

But when I found the mossy bank,
Right there a bullfrog sat.
His eyes bulged out like cannon-balls,
He swelled up, oh, so fat!

It seemed as though his very eyes
Said, "How *dared* you to come?"
Before he spoke, in awful tones, —
"Go home! Go home! Go home!"

I turned and ran through bush and stones,
Till all my breath was gone.
I'd never guessed how long the way,
How hard to hurry on.

I did not stop till I was safe,
Where bullfrogs cannot come.
He'll never get another chance
To say to me, "Go home!"

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

THE CHILD WHO FORGOT TO WASH HIS FACE

THE child forgot, very often, to wash his face. There were a number of children at his house, all younger than he, who had to have their faces washed for them, so the mother could not always attend to his. He had a fine little wash-cloth of his own that his grandmother had knitted, but he often forgot to use it, which made his grandmother sad.

This special morning the child ate jam on his toast for breakfast. Oh, he was very untidy indeed, for there was jam on his blouse and on the tip of his nose and on his mouth when he finished breakfast! But he never remembered to use his wash-cloth, and he jumped down from the table and ran outdoors to play.

Just outside the door, on a tree in the garden, hung the child's yellow canary in a pretty gilt cage. The bird was very tame.

When the child whistled and put his finger in the cage, the yellow canary would light on it and sing. But this morning it paid not the slightest attention when the child called. The yellow canary was taking a bath. It had a white saucer full of crystal water, and it dipped its little body down in and lifted up its head with the drops shining on its feathers like diamonds in a gold setting.

So the child went farther on, until he came to his pussy cat sitting in the path. She nearly always followed the child, running after a string and ball which he carried in his pocket for her to play with. This morning, though, the pussy cat would not so much as look at the child. She was very busy indeed washing the milk from her whiskers with one velvet paw and her little velvet tongue. She did not even purr when the child stroked her furry back.

So the child went still farther on until he came to the pond at the end of the garden where the ducks lived. His pockets were full of bits of bread for the ducks. He often tossed their breakfast out into the water, and the ducks swam to him and gobbled

up the crumbs in their bills and quacked
“Thank you.”

Today, though, the ducks did not seem to see their breakfast. Away across at the other end of the pond they were dipping their green selves down in the water, until all the child could see was the tips of their pointed tails. Then they lifted themselves out of the water and shook a shower of drops from their green feathers. The ducks were taking their morning baths.

“I wonder why no one will play with me,” thought the child.

Then he looked down in the mirror of the pond, and he saw that he had not washed his face.

“Why, perhaps it is because I am dirty,” he said

And the child ran home to use his grandmother’s wash-cloth.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THESE WINDY DAYS

IT seems to me I can almost see
The wind on these windy days.
It pushes me here, it pushes me there,
It blows me all sorts of ways.
It switches my apron, crack-crack-crack!
It catches my hair ribbon right straight back.
It seems to me I can almost see
The wind on these windy days.

I think it's fun when I start to run,
And the wind tries hard to beat.
It does it, too, with its *woo-oo-oo!*
It blows me 'most off my feet.
It jumps and whistles, and goes and stays,
It whirls and twists, and laughs and plays.
Yes, seems to me I can almost see
The wind on these windy days.

FRANCES SYKES

A PARTY

I WONDER why those foreign lands are
all so far away,
And why the funny children can't run
in sometimes to play.
I often think I'd like to give a party — just
for boys —
And ask some little Indians in to help me
make a noise.

Some Indians, and an Eskimo, a Turk, a
South Sea child,
And mother wants a Japanese — their man-
ners are so mild.
I rather think we'd have some fun and play
some jolly games.
I wonder could I ever learn their queer, out-
landish names!

How much we'd have to talk about! What
stories they could tell!
And I would teach them how to play the
games I like so well.

We'd have a merry afternoon, and then we'd
all shake hands,
And they could run right home to bed in
their queer foreign lands.

HANNAH G. FERNALD

SANTA CLAUS AT THE CHILD FACTORY

THE fire-alarm rang — one, two, three, four. Then there was a roar and rush and clatter, as the fire-engine tore down the street, with horses galloping and bell ringing, and after that the wagon with the long ladders and the hose. Men and boys followed shouting, “Fire! Fire!” The air was full of smoke, and yellow flames burst out of the windows of a large house. The firemen began running up and down the ladders, and each time they brought down a child. The house seemed full of children — big children and little children, tall children and short children, fat children and thin children, dark children and light children. One of the firemen said, “The last fire was a stocking factory. This is a child factory.”

A curious thing about these children was that all the girls were dressed in blue checked gingham, with their hair in two braids, tied together with blue ribbons, and all the boys

wore brown striped suits and brown neckties. As they were handed out of the windows and taken down the ladders, they seemed like bundles of cloth of two kinds. In the hurry the girls' braids usually flew straight out, and there you could see a difference. Sometimes the blue ribbon tied up long yellow braids, and sometimes curly brown braids, and sometimes straight black braids.

No; this was not a child factory, it was a Children's Home — or it had been a Children's Home. Very soon it would be only a pile of ashes. None of the children were burned, thanks to the brave firemen, but when your home is burned, why, you feel as if you might as well be. Some of the children stood crying. Some ran down the road as if the fire could chase them, and a very little and very fat one cried, "I want my supper!" She had no sooner said this than all the little ones joined in crying, "I want mine! I do, too! I'm hungry!"

And when, because nobody answered and no supper was brought, the cries became fewer and fainter, the same very little and very fat child started up another cry, "And after supper I want to go to bed, I do!"

And then, will you believe it, all the children took up the same cry, "We want to go to bed! We're sleepy!" Children who had always begged to stay up later forgot about that now and cried and sobbed to be taken to bed.

What with the crying, and the snapping of the fire, and the crashing down of chimneys, and the caving in of windows, and the calls of the firemen, nobody noticed a little old man who drove up in a big wagon. It was the kind of wagon that you ride in when you go to picnics.

"Hullo, there!" he called.

The children looked up. The youngest ones thought he was Santa Claus, he was so round and jolly, and his eyes twinkled so, and his beard was so long and white. They stopped crying for supper and bed. Even the very little and very fat child stopped with her mouth wide open.

"All aboard for supper and bed!" the little old man called, and he jumped down and picked the children up and set them in the wagon before they knew what was happening. In a second more he was driving off, with the very little and very fat child in his lap.

"Are you Santa Claus?" she asked.

"Oh, ho!" laughed the little old man. "On, Donner! On, Blitzen!" and off the horses trotted, till they came to a white house.

"Whoa!" cried the little old man.

A woman came running to the door, as if she were expecting them.

"How many children for supper and bed?" the little old man called.

"Five, and supper's all ready, and it's chicken broth."

"Big ones or little ones?"

"Big ones, please."

"Five big children may stop here," said the little old man. "Sisters and brothers and special friends go together."

The five children were picked out and then the little old man cried, "On, Donner! On, Blitzen!" and the horses trotted till they came to the next house.

"How many children wanted here?" he called.

"Two little boys," answered a sweet-faced mother. "And I have two little boys here who are waiting supper for them."

"Brothers or friends go together," said

the little old man, and two little half-asleep brothers were taken into the house.

Up the street they went and stopped at every house, till not a child was left in the wagon but just the very little and very fat one.

"I think I'll take you myself," said the little old man.

"Must I wait till Christmas before I have the presents?" she asked, for she still thought he was Santa Claus.

"You shall have a stocking full tomorrow morning," laughed the little old man, "and maybe I shall keep you till Christmas comes, and let you go round with me in my sleigh. How would you like that?"

But there was no answer, for the very little and very fat child was fast asleep.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

FRIENDS

KITTY'S my very best friend, did you
know?

I put my arm round her and hug
her hard, so!

And we talk

And we talk

As we walk to and fro.

Kitty, she puts her arm round me, and then
She loves me hard, too, and she tells me so
when

We just talk

And just talk

As we walk back again.

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

THE INDIAN GAME

WHEN I put feathers on my head
And wear my tan suit fringed
with red,
I'm not a boy then, but instead
An Indian with a stealthy tread.

Inside I have to fix up too.
I listen well, as Indians do,
I make my eyes see clear and true,
And never ask what, where, or who.

It is the best game that I play,
For often will my mother say,
When things have bothered her some way,
"Now, be an Indian to-day!"

EDITH GILMAN BREWSTER



THE INDIAN GAME

THE SOLDIER BOY

ONCE upon a time, in the mountains of sunny California, there lived a boy, William Lee, so big and so brave that they called him the Soldier Boy. He was only six years old. He had deep blue eyes with black eyelashes, a splendid head on a pair of strong shoulders, and a heart as big and true as a heart could be in so young a body.

James Parsons, fancier of "dogs and cats, white rabbits and rats," who loved manly boys almost as much as he loved his dog Ben, made Billy a wooden sword and dagger. After that every day, if you had walked in the pine grove where Billy lived in a rustic log cabin, you might have seen him strutting about and giving marching orders to himself as if he were a whole army.

One glorious autumn day some little girls, recently come from the city, were playing in the shady grove. They were having a most beautiful time swinging from the low-

hanging branches of a pine sapling. Along came a thoughtless, though kind-hearted farmer boy. Seeing their fun, he jumped and pulled down the top of the tree till the sapling was bent like a bow. The children shouted for joy, and each caught hold of a new limb — and the farmer boy walked on.

Their weight kept the bow well bent, and they swung in great glee. But soon, one by one, the girls dropped, laughing, to the ground, till Ruth French, three years old, was left hanging alone. The bow slowly unbent and up went the tree-top.

“Hold on! hold on tight!” the children cried to her.

Before they could run from the grove for help, the Soldier Boy, hearing their shouts and calls, quickly dropped sword and dagger, and ran for the tree. He realized at once that, if he could get up the tree, his weight would bend it down again, for well he knew his splendid size.

So up, up he scrambled. Never mind scratches nor torn clothes, Soldier Boy! Be careful, don't jerk the tree or Ruth will lose her slight hold! Steady, steady!

Slowly the sapling bends, lower and lower,

and now, "Let go, Ruth!" they cry, and she drops to the ground. All are laughing once more, and they name it the Christmas tree, with Ruth for the present dropped by Santa Claus as he climbed up.

When Christmas eve came there was a knock at the log cabin door, and what do you think the Soldier Boy found standing there? That Christmas tree, and hanging on it a lovely gun, a real soldier boy's air gun that would shoot, put there by Ruth's father. A card attached read:

Here's to the Soldier, warlike and wild!
Here's to the Brave Boy, who rescued a
child!

ESTELLE ROBINSON

MUINWA THE RAIN FAIRY

WHEN the soft summer rain came, gently caressing leaves and flowers and bringing new life to them, the Indian mothers used to tell their dusky-faced little ones the following story.

Once, when the earth was new, trouble came to all who dwelt upon it. This trouble came not only to the men and women, but also to the animals, the birds, and even to the trees, grasses and flowers.

The moisture had all gone from the earth. The ground was parched and dry, while the grass was growing brown, and the flowers were beginning to droop and fade.

The plants looked upward, crying, "O Muinwa, good Muinwa, send us water, or we die!"

The good Muinwa was troubled. To whom could he turn for help?

First he cried to the sea, "O sea, send your water upon the land, that the plants may be refreshed!"

The sea tried, but it could send its waters only a little way inland. All else was as dry as ever.

Then Muinwa cried out to the rivers and the lakes, begging them to help him. They tried, but all they could do was to seethe and foam, overflowing their banks but a little way and for a little while. Then all was as it had been before.

At last the great sea-gulls cried, "Muinwa, we will try to help you."

They dipped their wings in the lake and flew over the land, scattering the drops of water on the grass and flowers.

Alas! they could do so little. Here and there a drooping blossom lifted its head, refreshed, but many others must soon die, if help did not come.

However, the sea-gulls' helpfulness had not been in vain. Muinwa called to them, "Thank you, O you gulls of the strong wings and the brave hearts! You have taught me a way to bring relief to the suffering. From all the birds of the forest I will ask feathers. With them I will make a wing so great that it shall stretch across the whole earth. This I will dip in the waters of the lake and shake

down a plentiful supply for the drooping plants."

Muinwa called the wild birds of the forest together. When they had heard his story, they gladly gave him of their feathers. Of them Muinwa made the great wing. With it he brought cool, refreshing showers to the parched earth.

So the little Indian boys and girls would look out from the doors of their wigwam homes, at the softly falling rain and say, "The good Muinwa is shaking his great wing."

HOPE DARING

A RACE

A GAY little brook ran to reach the
town,
When it saw the snowflakes come
softly down.

The wind was cool and the day was done,
And the little brook missed the warming sun.
“I must pass the wood,” the mother brook
said,
“And the sight of the mill-wheel gives me
dread.”

The foam children hung by the old log bridge,
And they dallied along by the sandy ridge.
“Jack Frost is coming!” the mother brook
cried,

And tried to draw them back to her side.
“If you’ll only follow, all will be well!”
Just then Jack Frost tripped her feet and she
fell.

He held her fast, and he said with a smile,
“You’ve been running far — better rest
awhile.

My guests you may be till the first birds sing.
As hostages I will hold you till spring.”

EDNA A. FOSTER

KITTY BILLY'S HUNTING DAY

IT was hunting day for Kitty Billy. Going past the cornfield he thought he heard a rustling noise. He stepped quietly in among the long green blades and sat down to listen; but all he could hear was the rattling of the corn-blades as they tinkled, "Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly, nothing here for you; Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly, nothing here for you."

So Kitty Billy walked on until he came to the orchard. A nice, plump, little bird would do very well for lunch. And sure enough, there was one just balancing himself by his wings, as he stood on the lowest bough and daintily dipped his bill into a juicy peach.

Kitty Billy twitched his ears and straightened his back and jerked his tail as he thought of the lunch he was going to have. But the little bird saw him and flew away to the top of the tallest apple-tree, and all the

little leaves in the orchard rustled together, "Nothing here for Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly; nothing here for Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly."

Then Kitty Billy wandered into the barn and sat down beside a little dark hole in the wall. He sat there so long that he hardly knew whether he was awake or asleep, listening, listening, listening; but all he could hear was the soft breeze that came through the window, sighing over and over, "Nothing here for you-o-o; nothing here for you-o-o."

At last Kitty Billy decided to try somewhere else, but just as he reached the door, he heard a voice calling. It was the voice of his friend, and it said, "Come, Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly, something here for you!"

Kitty Billy came with a leap and a bound. He saw something he liked very much, something nice and white and soft and juicy, held out just above his reach. He forgot to twitch his ears and jerk his tail. He never thought of sitting still and dozing while he waited. Indeed, he never thought of waiting. He just stood up on his hind legs and made himself as tall as he could, and then he

said "Now! no-ow!" as plainly as he knew how to say it.

At last the sweet, white, soft, juicy thing was in his hungry mouth, and Kitty Billy walked away with it to the shelter of the rustling corn-blades, which rustled harder than ever, as they tinkled to one another, "Why, who would ever have *dreamed* that Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly would care to eat one of our nice white, soft, juicy ears of corn!"

And after that, whenever Kitty Billy came into the cornfield, the long green blades rustled and tinkled, "Lit-tle Silk-y Kit-ty Bil-ly, something here for you, something here for you!"

LILLIAN MANKER ALLEN

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

THREE silver nights the frost came
down,
Still-footed, keen, and gleaming.
The little muffled Men in Brown
Believed that they were dreaming —
Were sure they must be dreaming.
Yet a sharp whisper at their ear,
A sly touch fumbling at their throats
Worried them till they waked to hear:
“Throw off your prickly overcoats!”

A flutter stirred the branches then,
A breeze came romping after,
And all the coatless little men
Grew reckless in their laughter —
Grew helpless in their laughter —
And rocked and bounced and capered so,
In such a madcap way,
That all the schools let out to go
A-chestnutting today.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

SINGING

OH, we can sing right lustily,
As all good children should!
And often when we're naughty we
Must sing until we're good.
I sometimes want to scratch and Tom
Says he would rather bite.
Nurse makes us stand and sing instead,
It's so much more polite!

And when we've sung a song or two,
The crossness all is done,
And still we sing, and sing, and sing,
And sing — but just for fun.
Perhaps if other children knew,
Who want to scratch and bite,
They'd try what singing songs will do —
It's so much more polite!

HANNAH G. FERNALD

THE EYES OF THE KING

RUPERT wanted to be a page. Sometimes a lad who is a faithful page grows up to be a knight. Rupert could almost see himself kneeling at the foot of the throne, and hear the king's clear voice ringing out, "Rise, Rupert, knight!"

That was why Rupert had started away from the tiny house in the forest, where his father and mother and all the little brothers and sisters lived. They were poor, oh, very poor indeed, but Rupert would change all that when he was a page, and afterward a knight.

First he must find the king. That might be a very difficult task for a little lad. The king lived leagues away, and he seldom gave any one audience, and never a lad from the forest. But Rupert started gaily down the wood road, with his bundle of food slung over his back. Before sundown he would find the king.

Rupert knew how the king looked. He

should be able to recognize him, just by his great, kind eyes. Rupert had seen a wonderful painting of the king, and beneath the shaggy hair and the big crown and the stern brow shone those deep, tender eyes. He would know the king — of that Rupert was very sure.

But what was that! As Rupert trudged bravely along over stones and through the briars and thickets of the forest, something cold and wet touched his hand. He stopped and looked down to see a starved, unkempt dog whining and cringing at his heels. His tongue hung from his mouth, his coat was covered with mud, and he was so weak that he could hardly stand.

“Poor doggie!” Rupert unstrapped his bag of dry meat and black bread and laid them down in the road in front of the hungry beast. “Eat all that you like. I do not need it. I shall find the king before sundown.”

The dog did not stop eating until every crumb of the food was gone. Then he lifted his head and looked gratefully at Rupert. What strange eyes the dog had — large and deep and almost human! Where had

Rupert seen those eyes before? He wondered as he started on again.

The road through the wood was very long and it seemed to have no turning. The day wore on and it was high noon, but still Rupert had not seen the shining minarets of the palace. He was tired and footsore and discouraged. As he was almost ready to turn back home, an old woman carrying a bundle of fagots overtook him. She could hardly carry the burden, it was so heavy.

"I will help you, goody!" Rupert put the bundle on his strong young shoulders and tramped sturdily on, until the two reached the woman's hut on the edge of the forest.

"God bless you, lad!" The woman stood, bowing and curtsying in her doorway. There were tears in her old eyes. As Rupert looked at her, he rubbed his own eyes in surprise. Where had he seen a pair of eyes like hers before, so kind, so large?

It was past sundown when Rupert reached the palace gates, and he was not able to enter, because there was so great a crowd.

"The king is coming! Long live the king!" the throng cried, and they pushed and jostled in front of Rupert and pressed

him away from the gates. As he almost fell in the crowd, he saw a beggar crouched by the roadside.

"Water, water!" the man cried. "I have had nothing to quench my thirst since dawn, and I faint."

For a second Rupert hesitated. If he went back to the village well and filled his cup with water, he would be too late to see the king and to present himself before him. But it was only a moment of waiting. Then he pushed bravely through the throng and returned with a cup of water. As the beggar put the cup to his lips, he raised his eyes to Rupert's face — oh, those wonderful eyes! — then he rose and stripped off his rags, and the king stood there, smiling down on the lad.

"Rupert, my knight," he said, "you served me when I was hungry, and when I was sore pressed with a heavy load. When I was faint you quenched my thirst. Come, and serve me always!"

And the king led the lad through the crowd and in the palace gates.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

TIME'S BOX

I WONDER where the days live,
And where it is they go —
The sunny days in grassy ways,
The days that dwell in snow,
The little days that fly so quick,
The days that lag so slow.

I truly think that Time keeps
Them all within a box,
And only he has got the key,
And only he unlocks
The door and takes them out, you know,
And sends them off in flocks.

If I could get the key once,
It would be fine, you know,
For if I did I'd lift the lid
And leave those creeping, slow,
Gray days, and take the dear days out,
So blue and quick to go.

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

THE WOOD FOLK

THE wood folk scamper to and fro;
They have no tasks to do.
It's here and there and high and low
For them, the whole day through;
Up to the tops of highest trees,
In holes and caves, and where they please.

They have no clothes to guard with care,
No shoes upon their feet, —
For fur and feathers never tear,
And claws are always neat —
No hooks to hook, no strings to tie.
Small wonder that they skip and fly!

The wood folk frolic everywhere,
With all the sky o'erhead,
A swaying bough for rocking-chair,
A hollow trunk for bed.
And yet, for all this woodland joy,
Who would not rather be a boy?

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE KING AND THE COUNTRY GIRL

THE king was driven in his splendid carriage along the great street of the town. The rich people bowed low as he passed. The fine ladies threw flowers before him on the road, so that he might ride over them. They shouted, "Long live the king! Long live the king!"

But the king sighed, for it did not make him happy only to be honored.

Then the king rode through the poor street of the town, and he took with him a big bag of gold, and he dipped his hand into it and threw out handfuls among the crowds of poor people that gathered about his carriage. They grabbed greedily for the gold, and they whined if some one else got the piece they tried for, and they cried, "Many thanks, sire! Many thanks, sire!" And then they ran from him to spend their gold.

But the king sighed, for it did not make him happy only to be thanked.

Then the king took off his velvet robe and his golden crown and his sparkling rings and walked alone, with no servant following, outside of the town. There he found a country girl sitting on the roadside crying.

The king said to her, "What troubles you, girl?"

And the girl, never knowing he was the king, said, "It is because I have lost the piece of money my grandmother gave me to buy sugar in the town, and she will beat me if I come back without it." And she cried again.

The king reached for his bag of gold, but then he remembered that he had left that behind with his fine clothes.

"Let us hunt for it, you and I," he said.

So they walked slowly back on the road along which the girl had come. The sun was hot. The road was dusty. There were briars by the roadside which caught the king's clothes and scratched his hands, as he put them aside to look for the piece of money. And when the girl nearly fell from weariness and trouble, he made her sit under the shade of a tree, while he looked alone.

It was wanting but a few moments of the

sunset when at last the king found the piece of money, shining in a hole in the roadside where it had slipped. The king was very hot and very tired. He had never been in the hot sun so long. He had never been so scratched by briars and so tired from bending over.

But he forgot all that when he saw the look in the girl's face as he gave her the money.

"Oh, sir!" she said. "Oh, sir! I shall never forget how kind you have been. Oh, sir! I never knew one so kind." And she went happily on to the town to spend her money, with no fear of the grandmother's beating.

And the king smiled. It was love that could make him truly happy.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

IN GRANDMA'S KITCHEN

AT home the kitchen seems so far away.
Cook says that it's no place for
children's play,
That little girls get underfoot, and boys
Just drive her nerves distracted with their
noise.

But once I went to grandma's house to stay,
And pretty soon there came a rainy day,
And we were in the kitchen and—oh, my!—
My grandma let me bake a dolly's pie.

I pared the apple and I laid it in,
And sugared it and rolled the crust out thin,
And pricked a pattern on it with a fork.
I do think cooking is such pleasant work.

I washed my dishes, too, and that was fun,
And watched the oven till my pie was done.
And grandma said, when it was on the shelf,
She never made a better pie herself!

HANNAH G. FERNALD

Under a Shady Tree

WHEN TASTES DIFFER

THE sun is bright and the air just right,
I know a meadow of daisies white.
Hurry, scurry, and get the doll!
We'll all go under one parasol.
There's never a day like a fair June day
For picking of daisies!" cried tireless Ray.

"The grass is green where the big trees lean,
And the hammock-cradle rocks slow between.
Let's pretend it's a sailing ship,
Roll into the cabin and take a trip.
There's never a day like a warm June day
For swinging and dreaming," said drowsy
May.

What did they do? To tell you true,
I didn't tarry to hear it through, —
Whether they went or whether they stayed,
Or which was really the wiser maid.
But — whichever chose the other one's way,
She chose the best on that bright June day!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

BOBBY SQUIRREL'S BUSY DAY

AN early riser was Bobby Squirrel. One particular day he got up very early and, whisking his long gray tail over his back, scampered out of the tree where he lived and ran down a little brown path in the woods.

"Look at Bobby Squirrel," said the bob-tailed rabbit. "He's proud of his tail, and he wants everybody to see it."

"Look at Bobby Squirrel," cried the frolicsome chipmunks. "He carries his tail as if it were a flag."

"Look at Bobby Squirrel," whistled the merry breezes. "He wants us to help him make his long gray tail more beautiful."

But Bobby Squirrel paid not the slightest attention to the bob-tailed rabbit, or the frolicsome chipmunks, or the merry breezes. He knew that he had a great deal of work to do between sunrise and sunset, and he knew that he must be about it, if he were going to get it done.



“LOOK AT BOBBY SQUIRREL,” SAID THE
BOBTAILED RABBIT

By the edge of the little brown path there lay some prickly seeds that wanted to be planted farther along, but they could not go so far of themselves. Bobby Squirrel saw them and picked them up with his long gray tail, and carried them as far as the end of the path, where they could grow into trees sometime.

Then Bobby Squirrel hurried back to the hickory-nut tree, where the ground was all covered with ripe nuts. He whisked the nuts into piles with his long gray tail and buried them for the winter in holes that he dug with his paws. When all the nuts were safely buried, it was time to go home, so Bobby Squirrel hurried back along the little brown path until he came to the hollow tree that was his house.

Bobby Squirrel's house had grown very untidy while he was gone. A tramp squirrel had stopped there to eat his dinner and had scattered nut shells all over Bobby Squirrel's green moss carpet. The merry breezes had blown leaves and bits of earth and scraps of paper inside the house, so before he did one single other thing, Bobby Squirrel swept the floor of his house with

his long gray tail, which served him very well for a broom.

Then the stars came out and the trees began to rock to and fro with a motion that made him very sleepy, so he curled up in a furry ball with his long gray tail that was so very useful for a pillow, and Bobby Squirrel went fast asleep.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE PARTY CALL

I ALWAYS have to wear my shiny shoes;
I always have to wear my feather hat;
And so does Nell. We walk along in
twos,

And if we skip, why, nurse says, "Don't
do that!"

Oh, there is never any fun at all,
When we're dressed up to pay our party
call!

You know, we may have worn our oldest
frocks,

And played in their back yard that very
day,

But as nurse marches to the door and knocks,
We have to stop and stand up straight and
say,

When grown-up people meet us in the
hall,

"Good-day; we've come to pay our party
call."

The other children aren't dressed up a bit,
Just playing tag, or swinging in the swing.
Our starchy clothes and manners don't seem
fit

To run or jump or do a single thing.
Oh! do you think it's just because we're
small

We never like to pay our party call?

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

THE LITTLE OLD MAN AND HIS GOLD

ONCE upon a time a miser lived in a little hut at the foot of the hill. For years the people of the town had given him crusts of bread and baskets of coal and old, out-worn garments only in pity, for they did not love the miser.

It was whispered that he had in his hut a bag of gold and silver, yet he was never known to buy a loaf of bread or a bundle of fagots, choosing to go hungry or to shiver with cold until some one provided for his needs, rather than to part with one of his precious gold coins.

Each newcomer asked of him the same question, "Why do you live here thus, idle and lonely, old man, when the world is so beautiful and the bread of honest labor is sweet?"

And to each question he made ever the same answer, "I am looking for gold. When I have enough gold I shall be happy."

Each year his hair grew whiter and his

form more bent. The children feared him and ran past his doorway.

One day a little lad and lass came to live in the town, and when, at play, they drew near the miser's hut, the other children drew them back, whispering to them not to go near the wild-looking old man who lived there.

But they, being kind children and fearless, only went closer — so close that they saw the old man sitting lonely in his doorway.

"Why do you live here alone, old man," asked the little lad, "when the world is so beautiful, and so many people would like to be your friends?"

"I have no friends," answered the miser. "I am looking for gold. When I have all I wish I shall be happy," and again he said, with sadness, "I have no friends."

When he said this, the little lad and the little lass looked into each other's eyes, and each knew what the other was thinking.

"Ah! I will show you the most beautiful gold," cried the lad, "if you will come with me," for he grieved to see the old man sitting alone.

So he took him by the hand and led him to the woods, and as they went they talked

happily, until the miser's heart began to grow warm. The little lad brought him to the place where the marsh-marigolds grew. "See! here is gold — worlds of it!" he cried.

The old man sat down on a log in deep silence, and his tired eyes rested on the great field of golden blossoms that seemed to laugh into the face of the sun. As he looked he remembered how when he was a boy he had waded among the marsh-marigolds and held them in his hands and laughed aloud for joy of them, and he smiled.

"Ah! this is pure gold," he cried. "This is the gold of flowers."

Then they gathered marsh-marigolds until their arms were full, and as they walked back through the town the people wondered.

At the door of the hut the little lass was standing. She had swept the cottage, and put fresh boughs on the hearth, and opened all the cottage windows.

"See!" she cried, laughing till her teeth looked like shining pearls, "here is golden sunlight for you. Isn't this enough? Are you happy?"

Then the miser laid his hands on her golden hair.

“And this little head,” he said, “wears a crown of gold better than any queen. To-day I have indeed found gold.”

The little lad and the little lass wondered at what happened next, for the miser drew forth from his bed a bag of gold coins, and he gave them some and sent them out to buy bread and honey, and said to them, “To every hungry child you meet, give a gold coin.”

So they went out gleefully, and when they came back all the coins they had taken with them were gone, and they three sat down and feasted, and the children laughed, but a smile was on the old man’s lips.

From that day all sick people and all poor and old in the town were fed and comforted by him who had once been a miser. His form grew straight and the smile hovered always about his lips.

But of all those who loved him, those whom he loved best were the little lad and lass. And each year they three gave a feast for all the poor of the town, at the time when the marsh-marigolds bloomed.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

RODNEY'S WHITE GLOVES

RODNEY didn't like to have his hands washed. Not that he enjoyed being dirty, oh, dear no, not at all, but he was always so full of play that it seemed a waste of time to stop just to wash his hands!

One day he had been out playing with his little red iron automobile, and when he came in his hands were very black indeed. It was time for him to get washed and dressed for the afternoon, but mother knew that if she suggested it he would be sure to think of something that he had to do first, so she tried a different plan.

Filling the basin full of warm water and taking a piece of soap, she dipped her hands in and rubbed the soap between them until they were covered with creamy white lather. Then she called Rodney.

"I'm the saleswoman, and this is the glove counter," she said, "and I want to try some white gloves on you."

Rodney laughed and held out his little black hands, and mother covered them with the white lather, smoothing it carefully and pretending to push on each finger, just as he had seen them do it at the glove counters in the stores.

“Yes, they fit perfectly,” said mother, “so we can take them off.” The way she took them off, of course, was to dip them into the water in the basin — and there were Rodney’s hands sweet and clean.

LOUISE M. OGLEVEE

THE DAY

WHEN I wake up and see the sun,
And all the sleeping time is done,
I know another day is here,
And yet to me it seems so queer
That no one sees the day creep in,
Or just how all the hours begin,
Or where day goes when it is night,
With only stars and moon for light!
I'd like to get up once at four,
And watch the shadows on the floor,
And try to see with my own eyes
What is the very shape and size
Of that the grown-ups call a day;
For what it's like they cannot say.
It must be something no one sees,
That hides in sunshine on the trees,
And steals about through everything,
And makes you want to run and sing.

EDNA A. FOSTER

THE CITY GARDEN

WHEN I am out at grandmamma's,
the garden's all around.
There roses climb up on the
house, and really, I'll be bound,
'Most every kind of flower there is grows in
my grandma's ground.

And then when I come home again, there are
sidewalks everywhere,
And all the streets look just alike, so hot and
hard and bare,
And all the flowers just grow in pots, and
play that they don't care.

I think it's really sweet of them to try so
very hard
To make a truly garden in our little city
yard,
Instead of pining for the fields and meadows
daisy-starred.

I water them myself each day, and pet and
praise them lots,
And say how glad I am our yard has two
such beauty spots;
But, oh, I miss my grandmamma's, where
gardens aren't in pots!

HANNAH G. FERNALD

CLOUD CURTAINS

THE sun gets, oh, so very hot
 'Twould burn the world below,
 And so God pulls the curtains down.
 They are the clouds, you know.
How very thankful we should be
For God's care, watching constantly!

BERTHA E. BUSH

ABOUT A WATER PARTY

ONCE upon a time there was a water party in a brook. Everybody was there. When the roll was called, Mr. Water Spider said, "Here!" Mr. Trout said, "Here!" Mr. Crab said, "Here!" Mr. Frog said, "Here!" Mr. Whirlwig Beetle said, "Here!" Mr. Lizard said, "Here!" Mr. Water Snail said, "Here!" and Mr. Pollywog said, "Here!"

Each one was asked to tell what he would do if danger were near, and the one that gave the best answer should have a prize.

Mr. Water Spider said he would skip about so briskly on the top of the brook that no one could catch him. Surely, no one could do better than that, so he ought to have the prize.

Mr. Trout said that to dart from stone to stone and to hide under an overhanging bank was better than skipping briskly about on the top of the brook, so he ought to have the prize.

Mr. Crab said that to back down a hole

under the stones was better than skipping briskly about on the top of the brook, or darting from stone to stone and hiding under an overhanging bank, so he ought to have the prize.

Mr. Frog said that to give one big hop into the rushes was better than skipping briskly about on the top of the brook, or darting from stone to stone and hiding under an overhanging bank, or backing down a hole under the stones, so he ought to have the prize.

Mr. Whirlwig Beetle said that to dance madly around in a circle was better than skipping briskly about on the top of the brook, or darting from stone to stone and hiding under an overhanging bank, or backing down a hole under the stones, or giving one big hop into the rushes, so he ought to have the prize.

Mr. Lizard said that to squirm among the pebbles was better than skipping briskly about on the top of the brook, or darting from stone to stone and hiding under an overhanging bank, or backing down a hole under the stones, or giving one big hop into the rushes, or dancing madly around in a circle, so he ought to have the prize.

Mr. Water Snail said that to crawl back into your shell was better than skipping briskly about on the top of the brook, or darting from stone to stone and hiding under an overhanging bank, or backing down a hole under the stones, or giving one big hop into the rushes, or dancing madly around in a circle, or squirming among the pebbles, so he ought to have the prize.

Then they turned to Mr. Pollywog.

"Well," said he, "I know I shall not get the prize, for my way will seem silly to you who can skip briskly about on the top of the brook, dart from stone to stone and hide under an overhanging bank, back down a hole under the stones, give one big hop into the rushes, dance madly around in a circle, squirm among the pebbles, or crawl back into your shell. My way is just to lie quietly in the mud till the danger is past."

After all, Mr. Pollywog took the prize, for his way was found to be the most simple and easy of all. What this prize was, I do not know, but I am sure it must have been something that pollywogs like.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

AN EASTER SURPRISE

MOTHER watched Paul walk slowly up and down in front of the house. It was very early in the spring-time, so early that the birds had not yet come back from the south and the trees had no leaves, but the sun was warm and bright and seemed to be trying to tell the world that winter was over. By and by Paul wanted something to play with, so mother gave him a flower pot full of sand and an old spoon, and he sat on the sunny porch.

Every year mother had a large bed of beautiful tulips. Paul did not know about the tulips, for he was only three years old, but he saw the big round place in the front yard where there was no grass, and it looked nice and soft to dig in. So he emptied his pot of sand into his little wagon, and filled it up again with soft dirt from the tulip bed. He did this over and over until the wagon was full.

The long street was very quiet, with

nobody in sight, so the little boy with his wagon walked slowly down to the corner. Just around the corner on the other side was a tiny house. It had a wee front yard and right in the middle of it was a round flower bed. There was no fence, so Paul walked in, and sitting down on the ground began to dig with a sharp stick that he had found.

In his wagon were some round brown things that had been in the tulip bed, so when he had made a little round hole he put one of them into it and covered it up. Then he made more round holes and put in all of the brown balls that were in his wagon. He did not know it, but the brown balls were tulip bulbs. He was still playing happily when mother missed him and came after him in a great hurry.

That afternoon the little old lady who lived in the little house sat looking sadly out of the window at her flower bed.

"We'll have no flowers this year," she thought, for the little old man who made the flower bed was very, very ill, and the little woman was too busy taking care of him to plant flowers and too sad to want to.

There were rainy days, and even a snowy

one, and then more warm, sunny days. One happy day the little old man was better and the little old lady sat resting for a minute. She happened to look out at the flower bed, and what should she see but something growing!

"It must be weeds," she said, but she put her shawl over her head and ran out to see.

How her eyes did shine when she found not weeds, but a row of tulips almost ready to bloom.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, "how did they ever get there? What a beautiful surprise they will be for father!"

On Easter Day the big easy-chair was pushed over by the window, and the little old man was to sit up in it for an hour. The dear little old woman was so excited that she could scarcely wait until everything was ready, and she could pull back the curtains and let him look out.

"Why, mother," he cried, "where did you get them?" for the tulips were in full bloom, and, oh, so beautiful — red and yellow and pink and white swaying in the warm spring breeze!

"I do not know where they came from,"

she said, looking at the flowers with eyes full of love. "They are our Easter surprise."

"Somebody must love us even if we are old and poor," said the old man.

"I never was so happy in my life," said the little old woman softly.

LOUISE M. OGLEVEE

THE CURE

WHEN I was cross I tried to think
of all
The pleasant things I could.
My mother told me to, because she said
That they would make me good.

I thought about my orange story-book
That's full of little rhymes,
And then about our playhouse in the wood,
Where we have jolly times.

I thought about our yellow singing bird,
Within his little cage,
And then of all the different boys and girls
I like, about my age.

I thought about our garden, where the
flowers
Grow pink and white and blue,
And then about the cookies in the jar —
Each morning I have two.

I thought about the hammock where I swing,
Down in a shady place,
But most of all I liked to think about
My mother's pleasant face.

EMILY ROSE BURT

THE FAIRY IN THE APPLE ORCHARD

BUT you don't believe in real fairies," declared Dorothy, as she walked along beside her grandfather. "You just believe all these wonderful things are done by the dew and the wind and the sun."

Grandfather looked down at the sober face beside him. "I suppose I am a heartless old fellow, but I can show you something really done by my magic workers, that is as wonderful as all the fairy work you can imagine."

"Well, what, grandfather?"

"When we get back from the post office, I want you to come down in the orchard with me. That is all I'll say just now, because the stage is coming and we must hurry along to get our mail."

Dorothy and grandpa always took this morning walk together, and they had wonderful talks about all the little growing things and the birds and animals. Dorothy learned some interesting things in this way,

but on one subject they disagreed. Grandfather could not believe in fairies.

"I guess I am too big for fairyland," he would often say. "One of my big boots would knock over the whole kingdom."

This morning Dorothy did not let grandfather forget his promise about the orchard, and it was with high anticipation that Dorothy followed him through the field, over the stone wall, and along the cart road to the orchard. The apples were already of good size, many of them almost ready to gather; but a few were large without having much color.

Grandfather led the way to a young tree near the wall. He had Dorothy sit down where she could see all that he did. First he opened a little envelope and took out a dozen pieces of brown paper, cut in various sizes. He then set a jar of paste on the top of the wall and put the ladder on the sunny side. Then he took the paste and the papers and went up into the tree. Dorothy saw him paste the papers on the apples, doing it very gently so as not to disturb them on the stem. He was so far above her that she could not tell what the little paper figures were like, but

when he came down she could see the apples hanging there with the decoration.

"Now then," said grandpa, "before long I will show you some of my fairy work."

Dorothy could hardly wait for the time to come, and many times she questioned different ones in the family, but no one was able to give her a hint about the matter.

One morning, when she had half forgotten about the orchard fairy work, she woke up and found the sun streaming into her room, and there on the window-sill was a pretty basket of red apples. A note was pinned to the handle. She eagerly read it. "To dear Dorothy from the Fairy of the Apple Orchard."

She took up one of the apples. It was rosy red and on one side was a white "D" as plain as could be. She took up another and there was the figure of a bird, on another was the form of a kitten's head, another bore a cross, another a wheel, and several apples showed both her initials.

She could hardly wait to dress but ran to the stairs to call down, "Grandpa, grandpa, you have won! Your fairies are more wonderful after all!"

EDNA A. FOSTER

THE KING'S PAGE

THE king was riding in his splendid chariot. He was looking for a new page to live in his palace. All the boys in the kingdom knew of it, and every one longed to be chosen for page. So on this day, as the king rode along, he saw boys of all sorts on the roadside, dressed in velvet and silk, with their caps off their heads, as they made sweeping bows or dropped on one knee. And they all shouted, "Long live the king! Long live the king!"

The king smiled as he rode slowly on, between the rows of handsome, well-dressed boys. He smiled and then he frowned. How should he ever tell which boy to choose! They were all handsome. They were all well dressed. They were all well trained. They all bowed low and cried, "Long live the king!"

Just then there came a terrible jolt and the carriage pitched and swayed. The king's horses were running away. The royal

coachman was thrown out. The king's life was in danger. At the right hand and at the left the boys ran into the fields to get out of the way. They screamed with fright. A minute before they had been crying, "Long live the king!" Now they were doing nothing to save the king's life.

Ah, but one boy was not running! He was a little fellow, and he looked like a speck of red as he stood in the middle of the road in his red velvet suit. Yes, right in the middle of the road he stood, in the path of the running horses. And as they came plunging on, he jumped and caught one of them by the bridle and hung there, till some men rushed in and stopped them.

When the brave boy next opened his eyes, he found himself lying on a soft bed in the palace. The king himself was beside him. "Long live the king!" he whispered, in a weak little voice.

"Long live the king's page, who saved the king's life!" answered the king.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON



POLLY SENT FOR DOCTOR WILL

POLLY'S DOLL

POLLY'S doll was taken ill,
And Polly sent for Doctor Will,
Who took her pulse, which beat so
slow,

He said that she to bed must go.

So dolly had to be undressed,
And then to Polly she confessed
That she had eaten cookies four,
And in her pocket were two more.

Then dolly had to take a pill,
Which was prescribed by Doctor Will,
And Polly sewed the pocket tight
In dolly's dress that very night!

ANNIE DODGE TUTTLE

WHITE CAPS

'TIS when the wind is rushing by,
To chase the clouds across the sky,
The waves put on their nice, white
caps
To keep from catching cold — perhaps!

ELSIE CRANE PORTER

A FEARSOME FANCY

THE birds and beasts don't go to school;
I guess 'twould make them mad to.
They wouldn't pass an hour in class;
But just suppose they had to!
How funny it would be to see
The desks all full of scholars,
With fins and claws and hoofs and paws,
Skin coats and brown fur collars!

How strange 'twould seem to happen by
And hear the teacher saying,
"The kitty-cat geography
Must be kept in from playing;
And once again I tell you plain
That I shall give a rapping
To the very next first-reader owl
That I discover napping."

The crabs would write in copy-books,
Such crawly, scrawly letters;
The bees would have a spelling-bee
And buzz among their betters;

And monkeys chatter French and squeak
In Greek the live-long day,
To scare the class of infant lambs,
Who only know B-A.

They'd send giraffes up to the board
To figure out for each
Problems in higher branches
That they could never reach.
And here and there and everywhere,
No matter who played fool,
They'd straightway clap a paper cap
Upon the youngest mule.

A looker-on might feel, maybe,
A little consternation
To see the bear philosophy
Arise for recitation;
And pupils all, and teacher, too,
Would pale a bit, perchance,
When the elephants came up to do
Their calisthenics dance.

But birds and beasts don't go to school,
As once before I've stated,
And really, it is just as well
They are not educated;

For, when you stop and think it out,
It's quite enough to see
The hairy, woolly, toothy things
In a menagerie.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

A LEGEND OF THE GOLDENROD

ONCE there were a great many weeds in a field. They were very ugly-looking weeds, and they didn't seem to be the least bit of use in the world. The cows would not eat them, the children would not pick them, and even the bugs did not seem to like them very well.

"I don't see what we're here for," said one of the weeds. "We are not any good."

"No good at all," growled a dozen little weeds, "only to catch dust."

"Well, if that's what we're here for," cried a very tall weed, "then I say let's catch dust! I suppose somebody's got to do it. We can't all bear blueberries or blossom into hollyhocks."

"But it isn't pleasant work at all," whined a tiny bit of a weed.

"No whining allowed in this field," laughed a funny little fat weed, with a hump in his stalk. "We're all going to catch dust,

so let's see which one can catch the most. What do you say to a race?"

The little fat weed spoke in such a jolly voice that the weeds all cheered up at once, and before long they were as busy as bees and as happy as johnnie-jump-ups. They worked so well stretching their stalks and spreading out their fingers that before the summer was half over they were able to take every bit of dust that flew up from the road. In the field beyond, where the clover grew and the cows fed, there was not any to be seen.

One morning, toward the end of summer, the weeds were surprised to see a number of people standing by the fence looking at them. Pretty soon some children came and gazed at them. Then the weeds noticed that people driving by called each other's attention to them. They were much surprised at this, but they were still more surprised when one day some children climbed the fence and commenced to pick them.

"See," cried a little girl, "how all the dust has been changed to gold!"

The weeds looked at each other, and, sure enough, they were all covered with gold-dust.

"A fairy has done it," they whispered one to the other.

But the fairies were there on the spot and declared they had had nothing to do with it.

"You did it yourselves," cried the queen of the fairies. "You were happy in your work, and a cheerful spirit always changes dust into gold. Didn't you know it?"

"You're not weeds any more, you're flowers," sang the fairies.

"Goldenrod, goldenrod!" shouted the children.

FRANCES J. DELANO

HER ANSWER

IT was an easy question and Margie
thought it so,
An easy one to answer, as any one
would know.

She smiled and smiled again as it hung upon
the wall:

“In going to school what do you like the
very best of all?”

Then grew a little sober as she began to write,
With wrinkles on her forehead and lips a
little tight.

She wrote her answer carefully, with look so
grave and wise.

She minded all her capitals and dotted all
her I's.

She crossed her T's precisely. She smiled a
little more

At all the pleasant images the pleasant
question bore,

Of all the merry, laughing hours, and all the
joyous play —

“The thing I like the best of all in school — a
holiday.”

SYDNEY DAYRE

WADING

SOMETIMES I play I'm wading,
But I don't go near the sea.
The edges of the daisy field
Are wet enough for me.

EMILY ROSE BURT

AN ERRAND KNIGHT

LITTLE Edward Morrison did not like to run errands. That seemed queer, too, because he never cried when he went to the store to get himself a stick of candy. He never said, "I don't want to," when he went three whole blocks to play with his cousin. And he never looked cross when mother told him to run down to the kitchen to get a nice new cooky for himself.

Yet when she said, "Edward, dear, I wish you would go to the store and get me a spool of thread," he would cry sometimes, as though he were hurt, and the spool-of-thread store was no farther away than the candy store. When Auntie May asked him if he would kindly take a note to the dressmaker, he would say, "I don't want to," although the dressmaker lived even nearer than Cousin Jack. And when father asked him if he would run downstairs and bring up a book from the library, Edward would look quite

cross sometimes, although the library was not so far away as the kitchen.

At last Auntie May thought of a plan to make errands nothing but fun.

"Edward," said she, "I will tell you a story. Listen! Once upon a time there were two little boys who had to go on many errands, because their dear mother was a cripple. One little boy made a fuss nearly every time he was asked to do anything, but the other one ran at once without a word.

"One day the first boy said to his brother, 'Why do you act as though you liked to run errands all the time? I hate to go to places for folks.'

"'Sometimes I do, too,' said the second, 'but I just pretend I am a mounted knight in armor, and am going to a giant's castle to get a hidden treasure. Then I gallop away on my own two feet, which make a fine, swift horse, and I bring back the treasure safely.'

"'Guess I'll try that way,' said the first, 'for it sounds nice.'

"He did try, too, and never found any more fault when he was asked to do things."

What do you think happened after auntie's story? Why, just this:

Every morning Edward came to mother's door and said, "Mother, here is a knight in armor waiting to go to a giant's castle for a hidden treasure. Any errands today?"

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

THE PEARL

ONCE upon a time there were two Shell Things lying side by side on a beach. The tide had washed them in, and one was great and green and glittering, with long claws and long feelers, and thought himself the most beautiful Shell Thing ever washed in by the tide. The other was very tiny and dull gray, with no pretty color to boast of and no feelers, and not in any way beautiful to look at.

"Where did you come from?" asked the great Shell Thing of the small Shell Thing, as they lay there, side by side.

"I live near you in the sea," said the small Shell Thing, in a voice as soft as the tiniest white cap rippling up to the shore.

"I never supposed one so ugly lived in the sea," said the great Shell Thing, in a loud voice like the roar of the larger waves. "Why did you not grow feelers and claws, and put on a color like me?"

"I never was able," said the small Shell Thing. "I have been trying to raise feelers ever since I can remember, years and years

ago, in case I was ever washed in to shore. I lived by a piece of coral for ever so long, but he could not give me any color. I suppose it is of no use to try any longer."

"That is just the truth of the matter," said the great Shell Thing. "You never will be of any use in the world, because you are ugly. There comes the fisherman. He is looking for me." And he swelled himself out large with pride.

"Now this is a haul," said the fisherman, "a lobster—and what is this? Yes, it is really a little oyster, I do believe!" And the fisherman rowed home with the two Shell Things in the bottom of his boat.

"See what I have brought you," said the fisherman to his little girl, as he carefully opened the dull gray shell of the oyster. What do you suppose was inside? The prettiest pearl that ever you saw, with soft colors that shone all around; for the small Shell Thing had been carrying his color inside. And what became of the great, green Shell Thing? Why, he was only a lobster, you see, and so they put him in a pot and they boiled him for dinner.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE WAKING OF THE FLOWERS

DOWN in the wonder world, under the
ground,
Dear little buds in a slumber were
found.

“Wake!” said the sun, “and good morning
to you!”

“Wake!” said the rain-drops, and “Wake!”
said the dew.

Down in the wonder world, dear little heads
Drowsily raised themselves up in their
beds,—

Crocus and daffodil, hyacinth fair,
Stirring and whispering, answered, “Who’s
there?”

Ah, but the calling they could not resist!
Smiling, they wakened, as babes that are
kissed,
Stretching their glad little heads to the light,
Broke into blossom, a wonderful sight.

Up in the sun world a glad-hearted child
Gathered the beautiful blossoms and smiled,
“Daffodil, crocus, I’ve waited for you!”
Then every blossom had learned why it grew.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

THE WIND

I THINK the wind is very kind.
It seems to run about and find
The scent of clover and wild rose,
The fragrant pine, and all that grows,
To take to those, who, sick or sad,
Need breath of fields to make them glad.
I feel it run across my face
Or see it through the tree-tops race;
It hides behind a leaf or vine,
And only makes a little sign
By gently fluttering a flower;
But ah! when there's a coming shower,
It whiffs the dust up in our eyes,
Takes off our hats. That's how it tries
To tell us that the pouring rain
Is coming fast across the plain.
When once I saw wind out at sea,
It tossed the waves and frightened me.
The sailors called the wind a gale.
I saw a boat with tattered sail.
For some great use the wind was made.
I like it when I'm not afraid.

EDNA A. FOSTER

THE LITTLE BIRD IN THE BIRCH-TREE

GET up! *Get up!*" twittered a wee little, sweet little voice.

Little Betsy popped her black eyes wide open and listened.

"Get up! Get up!"

Then little Betsy hopped right out of her little brass bed and ran straight over to the open window and looked out.

There sat a little bird in the birch-tree and twittered, *"Get up! Get up!"*

Little Betsy got dressed very fast, with her mother's help, in a neat little blue frock and a blue hair ribbon, and ran down the stairs to breakfast. After breakfast little Betsy ran out of the big screen door, and little Sally with her doll came over to play on the green grass under the birch-tree.

Little Betsy and little Sally played and played with their dolls and their dolls' hammock and their dolls' swing and their dolls' beds and their dolls' go-cart. Then it began

to get warm and little Betsy and little Sally began to get cross.

"I want to wheel the go-cart," said little Sally.

"No, I want to," said little Betsy.

"I will," said little Sally.

"You won't," said little Betsy.

"*Give up! Give up!*" twittered a wee little, sweet little voice.

Little Betsy popped her black eyes wide open and stopped saying cross words and listened.

"*Give up! Give up!*"

Then little Betsy looked up, and there sat the little bird in the birch-tree and twittered, "*Give up! Give up!*"

Little Betsy began to smile and pushed the go-cart over toward little Sally.

"You may wheel the go-cart," said little Betsy. And so they played happily together until little Sally went home.

When it came to be afternoon, little Betsy's father and little Betsy's mother had to go away and leave little Betsy all alone under the birch-tree, except for Mary in the kitchen.

Little Betsy felt very lonesome and

thought, "I wish my mother and my father would not go away or else I wish they would take me with them."

A big tear rolled out of little Betsy's black eyes and fell on her neat little blue frock.

"*Cheer up! Cheer up!*" twittered a wee little, sweet little voice.

Little Betsy popped her black eyes wide open and listened.

"*Cheer up! Cheer up!*"

Then little Betsy looked up and there sat the little bird in the birch-tree and twittered, "*Cheer up! Cheer up!*"

Little Betsy began to laugh and she ran quickly and brought out three story-books, one with a green and gold cover, one with a pink and silver cover, and one with a red, white, and blue cover. And she read stories to all the dolls and was not lonesome any more.

Pretty soon little Betsy's father and mother came home, and they took little Betsy for a ride in the red car, and she saw the blue sea and the yellow sands and the white daisy fields and the deep green woods.

And when it came to be little Betsy's bedtime, she was so wide awake thinking about

the sea and the sand and the fields and the woods and the red car that her black eyes would not shut up at all.

“*Shut* them up! *Shut* them up!” twittered a wee little, sweet little voice.

This time little Betsy knew without looking that a little bird sat in the birch-tree and twittered, “*Shut* them up! *Shut* them up!”

And so little Betsy did.

EMILY ROSE BURT

The Hour Before Bedtime

THE BEDTIME STORY

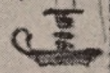
WHEN bedtime comes and it is dark,
In mother's lap I climb,
To hear the nicest story told
Called, "Once upon a time."
"Now once upon a time," she says,
"A little girl I knew
Was just about as sleepy
And about as big as you.
This little girl had curly hair,
Red cheeks and eyes of blue,
She looked — let's see, now, let me think —
Why, very much like you!
She wore a little pinafore
And shoes and stockings, too,
With bows of ribbon on her hair,
Exactly, dear, like you.
And she had many, many toys,
And many dollies, too,
To play with all the happy day —
Yes, just the same as you.
And every night, in mother's arms,
When play and games were through,

She'd listen to a story, dear,
 Why, just the same as you!
At last, one day — now listen well,
 For this is really true —
I'm going to tell a thing she did
 That was so much like you!"
Now what the story tells about
 I never know, instead
The morning sun peeps in my room,
 And I wake up in bed!

ROBERT SEAVER



Miles we march along the hall
Miles climb up the stair



CANDLE TIME

I AND my brother Don take turns,
When going up to bed,
Who shall bear the candle,
And who shall go ahead.

Miles we march along the hall,
Miles climb up the stair,
Walk boldly through our mother's room,
And then at last we're there,

Safe in our cozy nursery
Where the tin soldiers stand,
With the toy lion keeping guard,
And help on every hand.

We're glad the journey's over;
We're glad we have the light.
A child must be a little brave
When all alone at night.

ANNE SCHÜTZE

THE DISOBEDIENT DUCKLINGS

QUACK! quack! quack!" said Mother White Duck. "What a fine day this is — just the kind of weather for me to get the house in order!"

"Quack! quack! quack!" said all the little ducklings. "We wish to clean house, too. We wish to help you, Mother White Duck."

"No, indeed," said Mother White Duck. "I shall be far too busy. Go down to the pond, little ducklings, and dig for worms in the soft mud, and swim in the cool yellow water. Go to the pond and swim, but do not go near the big blue lake, for there are the large, vain ducks that tease little ducklings."

Then Mother White Duck flapped her wings very hard and said, "Quack! quack! quack!" very loud, and away hurried all the little ducklings.

"Let us go to the big lake," said one naughty little duckling to the others.

"The large, vain ducks will get us," said the others.

"If they come we will run very fast and hide in the bushes," said the naughty little duckling.

Then all the ducklings said they would like to take just one peep at the big blue lake, even if they did not swim. When they got to the shore, there was not one large, vain duck on the big blue lake.

"Come," said the naughty duckling, "there is not a duck in sight, and how cool and nice the water feels!"

He put all his toes in the soft mud, then he laid his white body right on the water, and swam out on the big blue lake, and all the other little ducklings followed him.

"Now I shall dive," said the naughty duckling; but oh, oh! when he bent his head, what do you suppose he saw? A large, vain duck right beside him, diving too.

"Quick! quick! the large, vain ducks are here!" he cried, and he swam with all the other ducklings, oh, so fast, till they reached the shore, and they ran straight home to Mother White Duck.

"You are much too early. Why did you not swim more?" said she.

"The large, vain ducks chased us," said the naughty duckling.

"Where did you swim? There are no large, vain ducks on the yellow pond. Come, show them to me."

The ducklings hung their heads very low while Mother White Duck followed them down to the big blue lake.

"Show me the large, vain ducks," said she.

"They are gone now, but they did chase us," said the ducklings.

"Quack! quack! quack!" said Mother White Duck. "Those were just the shadows of your own naughty little selves. Now come home and swim on the muddy yellow pond, and you will not see those large, vain ducks again."

FRANCES SYKES

THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE WATER-LILY

AMONG the many stories of plant and animal life that have come down to us from the Indians who once peopled our land, there is none that the children love better than that of the water-lily. This legend goes back to a time when the world was said to be "filled with happy people." All the tribes were at peace. There was neither drought nor famine. Winter and tempest were unknown. Day after day the sunlight lay, warm and golden, over all the land.

In those happy days the Indians felt very near to the bright stars which nightly looked down upon them. The simple-hearted warriors believed that the stars were the resting-places of their loved ones who had passed, through the door of death, to the land beyond. So when one night a star dropped from the clear sky to the earth only

a little way from them, they listened with gladness to its voice.

"I have come to dwell among you," the star said. "This I do because your hearts are pure, and you are both good and happy. Find for me a dwelling-place where I can watch over you and delight in the games and gladness of your children."

With joy they welcomed the star. One bade her dwell high up in the mountain.

"That is too far away. I must be near you."

Another told her of a quiet nook in the forest where the wind sang all day among the pines. The star would not go there, for fear of being lonely. A maiden begged her to make her home in the heart of a white rose, but she said the rose's petals would shut the wanderer from the sky away from the sight of her new friends.

The homes of the Indians were on the bank of a beautiful stream. It was there that the star decided to live. The clear water mirrored the clouds, the trees dropped their branches down to touch the gleaming surface, the canoes glided from bank to bank, and there the children came to play.

It was night when the star went to her new home. When morning came she had taken on a new form. She was a water-lily — which the Indians call “wahbegwounee” — with petals of snow and a heart of gold.

HOPE DARING

THE TRAIN WHISTLE

I HEAR the whistle of the train
Far off, when I'm at play,
So loud and shrill it calls to me
While rumbling on its way.

I think about the boys and girls
All dressed up fine and gay,
Who start to go a-visiting
Upon the train today.

But best of all I like to think
That folks who've been away —
Oh, many miles from where they live! —
Are coming home to stay.

ALICE M. WATTS

THE LITTLE BOOK PEOPLE

AT half past eight I say "Good night"
and snuggle up in bed.
I'm never lonely, for it's then I hear
the gentle tread
Of all the tiny book people. They come to
visit me,
And lean above my pillow just as friendly
as can be!
Sometimes they cling against the wall or
dance about in air.
I never hear them speak a word, but I can
see them there.
When Cinderella comes she smiles with
happy, loving eyes,
And makes a funny nod at me when she the
slipper tries.
Dear Peter Pan flies in and out. I see his
shadow, too,
And often see his little house and all his
pirate crew.
I think they know I love them and that's
why they come at night,

When other people do not know that they've
slipped out of sight.
But I have often been afraid that while they
visit me
Some other little boy, perhaps, may stay up
after tea,
And when he tries to find them on the pages
of his book,
He cannot see them anywhere, though he
may look and look!
That's why I never stay awake nor keep
them here too long.
I go to sleep and let them all slip back where
they belong.

EDNA A. FOSTER

WHEEL TRACKS

THE wheel tracks in the yellow dust,
They run all criss-cross by.
I cannot guess just how they go,
But anyway I try.

The narrow ones are carriage wheels,
The wagon ones are wide,
And there's a motor-cycle track
That streaks along the side.

I'd like to find which was ahead,
The carriage or the cart,
But somehow it is very hard
To tell the tracks apart.

The wheel tracks in the yellow dust,
They run all criss-cross by.
I cannot guess just how they go,
But anyway I try.

EMILY ROSE BURT

THE LITTLE BROWN LADY

ONCE upon a time there lived — no one knew just where — a Little Brown Lady. Those children who had seen her said that her eyes were brown, with sunshine in their depths, her hair was brown, with little touches of gold, her dress of gold brown stuff just touched her brown shoes, and she carried in her arm a wonderful little brown bag, from which she took gifts for little children.

Often when children forgot to be kind or obedient, mothers would sigh and say, “Oh, if the Little Brown Lady would only come!”

So all the children longed for a glimpse of this wonderful little lady who came so softly that no one heard, and carried such wonderful gifts.

One day, when the leaves were brown and the sky had a golden haze and the brown

nuts were falling, she came softly over the hill to the spot where three little children were playing. They were John, who always forgot, and little Emily, with the cross wrinkle growing between her brows, and Rupert, who chose always the warmest place by the hearth and the first place in every game.

Today John had forgotten the ball he had promised to bring, and little Emily was cross, and Rupert would have the first place in every game or he refused to play.

Suddenly, without a footfall that little children could hear, the Little Brown Lady stood among them. So softly she came that they had no time to call up the smile with which all little children would wish to greet her.

"I have gifts for you," she said.

"Oh, may I have mine first?" cried Rupert.

"Rupert is very rude," said Emily, and the cross wrinkle came between the brows.

Only John smiled and said, "Thank you, Little Brown Lady," but he forgot to lift his hat as he had been taught to do.

The Little Brown Lady turned and looked

so steadily at Rupert that his face grew very red. Tears came to little Emily's eyes at memory of her own words, but the Little Brown Lady took her by the hand, saying, "My gift to you is a mirror. Look in it every day for the image of a little child with sunshine in her eyes."

Emily took the mirror and looked in, but started back in dismay at the reflection there. Looking up, she saw the kindly eyes of the Little Brown Lady, and heard her voice.

"Look each day," she said again, "for the little child with sunshine in her eyes," and little Emily turned away, understanding.

"This tablet is for you," she said to John. "Write in it each night all those things you have forgotten through the day."

John took the tablet, and as he hurried homeward to show mother the wonderful gift, he thought of all the things mother had taught him so gently.

Then the Little Brown Lady, left alone with Rupert, laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes.

"Yours is the hardest task," she said. "I give you this little bag of stones. Each time

you do an unselfish act, drop a stone." She was gone, and the little bag of stones weighed heavily on Rupert's shoulders.

Often and often, after that day, the three little children came to play together, and the play grew sweeter and the laughter gayer as the days passed. Each day John's feet ran on willing errands. Each night his golden head bent over the white tablet. He had many things to write at first, but mother saw that the record grew shorter and shorter.

When the cross words came crowding to little Emily's lips, she drew forth the little mirror and looked until the smiles came back and little by little the cross line faded away.

And whenever Rupert dropped a stone from the little bag, the weight on his shoulder grew less and his heart also grew lighter.

One day, when John reached to see if the little tablet still hung about his neck, glad in the thought that many days had passed since he wrote on it, he found in its place a golden locket set with a clear white stone.

When the day came that Rupert had dropped his last stone, he thrust his hand eagerly into the bag once more to see if this

good thing were really true, and drew out a string of priceless pearls.

But little Emily clung lovingly to the little mirror, for hers was the best gift of all—the constant image of the happy face of a little child.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

THE KING OF THE FOREST

THE trees of the forest were to choose a king to rule over them.

“I must be king,” said the oak, “because I am the strongest tree. Animals and men are born to die, and still I live on, growing taller and stronger and larger. My wood is so tough and hard that I am used in building where strength is needed. I must be king.”

“I must be king,” rustled the maple, “because I own the most kingly garments. Every autumn, when the oak’s leaves are fading into a dingy brown, I am robed as now in scarlet and gold. I am the only tree who can dress for the part. I must be king.”

“I must be king,” wept the willow, “because I am the most graceful tree. What other can sweep and bow and bend to the wind, and so keep that great enemy of trees in good humor? I only have the fine manners that befit royalty. I must be king.”

"One of our number must be king," said the orchard trees, "because we bear fruit that can be eaten. What are strength and fine clothes and graceful manners compared to the power of giving to man and beast and bird luscious fruit? One of us must be king."

The Boy of the House was judge. He sat on a knoll covered with moss and listened, while each tree spoke for itself. Then as the oak stood strong and straight, and the maple rustled her beautiful garments, and the willow swayed gracefully, and the orchard trees dropped their fruit temptingly at his feet — then the Boy of the House stepped over to a group of evergreen trees that humbly listened to the discussion.

"And have you evergreens nothing to say?" asked the Boy of the House.

"It is not for us to think of such an honor," said the hemlock, and the cedar and spruce and fir and pine whispered, "We needle folk are too humble."

"Which are the trees that shelter the little winter birds?" said the Boy of the House. "What tree is stronger than the pine, that braves the winter storms? Is any dressed

more beautifully than the spruce, when it dons its garments of glistening snow? Which is more graceful than the hemlock, as it bends and sways? And what trees but the evergreens give up their lives that for a few hours they may bear strange fruit — dolls and toys, candles and oranges — fruit that is hung there because of the love people have for one another? The Christmas Tree shall be king.”

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

TURN ABOUT

THE Lady East, in rosy dress
And floating scarf of gold,
Looked out at dawn across the world,
With haughty air and cold,
At Lady West, in sober gray,
Who faintly blushed and turned away.

But evening came, and sunset West
Was decked in brave attire —
A crimson robe with spangled train,
And jewels flashing fire.
My Lady East, in dingy gray,
Bowed to a queen at close of day.

ELIZABETH THORNTON TURNER

THE VISITOR

WHEN Some One comes our mother
calls
To nurse, and she finds us,
And puts us in our starchiest things
With ever so much fuss.

She soaps us so, and washes us,
And bothers with our hair,
And blacks our shoes, and brushes us,
And starts us down the stair.

We go so very soft and still,
And slow as slow can be.
You would never think to hear us
It was Jack and Gwen and me.

And then we're in the drawing-room,
And She is sitting there,
All made of black and shiny silk;
And we stand round her chair.

And then She asks, "How old are you?"
And, "Do you go to school?"

And, "Do you like your teacher?"

And, "Do you mind the rule?"

"How far are you in 'rithmetic?"

"What is your teacher's name?"

And, "Do you go to Sunday-school?"

She always asks the same.

And then She takes her glasses off,

And brushes down her dress,

And sighs and says, "You'd better run

And play awhile, I guess."

Oh, how we run! Up in the barn

We hide among the hay,

And Jack says, "Let us not go down

Until She goes away."

But when She goes we all rush out.

You should see Gwen and me!

We dance and sing, and Jack jumps round

And hollers awfully.

And mother, she comes out and says,

"Why, dears!" and looks at me,

Because I'm old, then smiles and says,

"Come, children, to your tea!"

ANNE SCHÜTZE

THE KING'S JEWEL

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, the king lost a wonderful white jewel from the front of his crown. No one knew when it had dropped, nor where to look for it, and although the king's couriers were sent here and there through the kingdom to hunt for the missing gem, not one of them was able to find it.

It had been a most beautiful jewel, as clear as a morning dewdrop, and as many sided as a prism. The king would not be content nor would he put on his crown again until he had as lovely a gem to replace the one which was lost.

So he sent for his most trusted messenger, and he said to him, "Go with all speed and search the jewel shops of the kingdom. Look carefully in all the houses and visit the mines. Do not return until you have found a gem for my crown."

The messenger started on his quest, but for many months he looked in vain for a

jewel. Not a gem shop did he miss nor a mine in all the kingdom, and he even crossed the seas to other lands.

He searched the houses and found many jewels, but none as lovely as the one which the king had lost. It should be quite without flaw, he knew, and there would be a speck in one, and another would have a blemish in the cutting.

At last the messenger knew that he must go home. He must tell the king that there were rubies and pearls and emeralds to be bought, but no stone as pure and clear as the one which had been lost.

The messenger's way lay through the streets of the city, and as he journeyed he came upon a child who sat by the roadside crying.

"Why do you weep, little one?" asked the messenger.

"Because I struck my brother," said the child. "He took my toy, but now he is gone away, and I do not want the toy any more."

"But you are sorry, are you not, that you struck your brother?" asked the messenger.

"Indeed I am," said the child.

He covered his face with his hands, and

as he did so, a tear fell through his little fingers to the roadside.

The messenger looked, and there where the tear had fallen lay a wonderful jewel in the road, as clear as a dewdrop and as many sided as a prism.

"I have found the jewel for the king's crown!" cried the messenger, as he picked it up.

Oh, it was a wonderful jewel! The king put it in his crown and wore it for all the rest of his life — the crystal that lay in the road where a little child's sorry tear had fallen.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

HATS OFF

OH, dear! Do stop crying, Johnny," cried Margaret, as she tugged at the little sleeve, which would not go on over Johnny's chubby hand. Johnny had just waked up from his nap as cross as could be, and was calling for mother.

"Never mind, dear," Margaret had said, "mother's gone up town, but we'll put on a clean apron and go to meet her."

But Johnny would not be comforted. He wanted the pink apron and not the blue one, and he did not want to be washed.

At last, however, after what seemed to both a long time, Margaret said, "There! I guess we're ready at last. Oh, no, not quite yet!" for taking Johnny's hand, she noticed at the tip of each finger a little black rim.

"Oh, dear me! Johnny does so hate to have his finger nails cleaned. I'm afraid he'll act just dreadfully," thought Margaret. "But I know what I'll do. I'll make a little game."

"Johnny," she said, "see the little men all in a row."

"Where?" asked Johnny.

"Why, right there on your two hands. Each has a little black hat on."

Johnny held his hands proudly in front of him.

"Don't you think they'd better take off their hats here in the house?" asked Margaret.

Johnny laughed and held his hands very still while sister took off the little "hats," then together they went to meet mother. They found her just around the corner.

"See, mother!" cried Johnny, holding up a row of pink and white finger nails. "Sister took the hats off all my little men."

When mother understood, she kissed the little men and then kissed Margaret.

"I'm glad my little daughter has found that there may be easy ways of doing hard things," she said.

NETTIE JOY ALLEN

THE SLUMBER FOG

THE meadow in the twilight lies
 With hills on either hand,
 And from the sea the slumber fog
 Is drifting on the land.
We never hear it as it comes,
 It has so soft a way;
And babies, birds, and other things
The slumber fog beneath its wings
 Will safely keep till day.

O little brother, come and watch —
 So tenderly it fills
The valley where the river sleeps,
 The hollows of the hills!
It wraps the lamplit houses round,
 That sit beside the bay;
And all the weary twilight things
The slumber fog beneath its wings
 Will safely fold away.

MIRIAM CLARK POTTER

MARY'S LETTER

MANY little girls like me
Cannot say their A B C;
So I'm far ahead of them,
For I know 'way up to M.

All the letters I can make,
Every one without mistake,
For I know just how they look,
When I see them in my book.

M I like the best of all,
So I've made one very tall,
For this letter, don't you see,
Stands for Mother and for Me.

And it stands for Father dear,
Though you think that rather queer.
Since you don't see how it can,
I'll just tell you — M's for Man!

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

WHEN NED VISITED HIS GRANDMOTHER

LITTLE Edward Wilkerforce McKay was going on a journey. It seemed like a very long journey to Edward Wilkerforce McKay, or little Ned, as he was commonly called. The fact of the matter was that Ned was walking down the road to his grandmother's house, and he was going alone, and he had never gone alone to visit his grandmother before. He was going to show her his new red cart that father had brought him from the city.

"Mother, I'd like to take grandmother something in my little red cart. What shall I take her?" asked Ned.

Ned's mother thought a while and then she said, "Cookies, I guess. Take her two of these I have just cooked for her tea."

"That will be the very thing, and I'll take her my apple, too," answered Ned.

So mother tied a piece of white paper

round the cookies with pink string, and Ned tied a piece of white paper round the apple with pink string. Then he put both in his little red cart, and off he went.

After a while he came to a wee little barn. A little white hen was standing at the door of the barn. She saw Ned and his little cart coming down the road. She stepped out to meet him. She went right up to the little red cart and smelled the cookies and the apple.

"Oh, no, little white hen, you can't have any of the cookies or the apple, for I'm taking them to my grandmother! But if you like to follow on behind, perhaps grandmother will let you have some of the crumbs that are left from the cookies and apple," said Ned.

So the little white hen followed on behind.

They had not gone far before they came to a house right by the side of the road. Lying on the doorstep was a little gray kitten. The gray kitten opened its sleepy eyes and saw Ned and his red cart, followed by the little white hen, coming down the road. The kitten got up from the doorstep and went out to meet them. She smelled the

cookies and the apple in the cart and went right up to it and began to sniff.

Ned said, "Oh, no, little gray kitten, you can't have any of the cookies or the apple, for I'm taking them to my grandmother! But if you like to follow on behind, perhaps grandmother will let you have some of the crumbs that are left from the cookies." So the gray kitten followed on behind Ned, the little red cart, and the little white hen.

It wasn't long until they came to a field by the roadside. And in the field was a little fat pig. The pig spied Ned and his cart, so he slipped under the fence and went out to meet them. He smelled the cookies and the apple. He put his snout right into the little red cart.

Ned said, "Oh, no, little fat pig, you can't have any of the cookies or the apple, for I'm taking them to my grandmother. But if you like to follow on behind, perhaps grandmother will let you have some of the crumbs that are left from the cookies and apple."

So the little fat pig followed on behind Ned, the little red cart, the little white hen, and the little gray kitten.

At last Ned caught sight of his grand-



SO THE LITTLE FAT PIG FOLLOWED ON
BEHIND

mother's house. But just then a little brown robin spied them on the road. Down he flew from his tree and peeped right into the little red cart. He soon found out there was something good to eat there and was just thinking of pecking through the white paper when Ned said:

"Oh, no, little brown robin, you can't have any of the cookies or the apple, for I'm taking them to my grandmother! But if you like to follow on behind, perhaps grandmother will let you have some of the crumbs that are left from the cookies and apple."

So the little brown robin followed on behind Ned, the little red cart, the little white hen, the little gray kitten, and the little fat pig.

Grandmother happened to be looking out of the window. All at once she spied the queer procession coming down the road. She looked and looked. She took off her glasses and rubbed them, put them on and looked again.

"It's little Ned sure as can be — bless his heart! But what's all that coming behind him?" she said.

Then she hurried out to the door and

saw coming through her gate little Ned, and behind him the little red cart, and behind the little red cart the little white hen, and behind the little white hen the little gray kitten, and behind the little gray kitten the little fat pig, and behind the little fat pig the little brown robin.

“Well, did I ever, did I ever!” was all grandmother could say, for she was so surprised.

Ned told her his story right away. And grandmother didn't wait till it came tea-time but sat right down on the doorstep and ate the cookies and ate the apple. And she left quite big crumbs — some for the chicken, some for the kitten, some for the pig, and some for the robin. And when they were eating the crumbs, she called Ned into the house and gave him a bowl of cornmeal mixed with water for the little white hen, a saucer of milk for the little gray kitten, a pan of milk for the little fat pig, a handful of bread crumbs for the little brown robin, and a saucer of strawberries and cream for himself. So they had a chicken-kitten-pig-robin-boy picnic out in grandmother's back yard.

And when it was over Ned kissed his grandmother and said, "We've had just a lovely time. Thank you so much."

And grandmother said, "I've had just a lovely time, too. Thank you so much," and kissed him good-bye.

Then he opened the gate and passed through with his little red cart. Behind him followed the little white hen, behind the hen followed the little gray kitten, and behind the gray kitten followed the little fat pig, and behind the pig followed the little brown robin.

Just as they were going through the gate the chicken said, "Cluck! Cluck!" the kitten said, "Meow! Meow!" the pig gave two big grunts, and the robin said, "Chirp! Chirp!"

And grandmother answered and said, "Don't mention it, friends. You were quite welcome — quite welcome."

MARION WATHEN

THE CHILD IN SPRING

I WAS happy, so happy this morning,
These things made me happy today:
A blue little pool in the meadow,
A blackbird with red in his wings,
Some tiny green buds on the lilacs,
The sun shining yellow on things.
I was happy, so happy this morning,
When I ran outdoors early to play.

EMILY ROSE BURT

AT CANDLE-LIGHT

AT candle-light, at candle-light
The children all come home,
For when the sun is in the west
Is not the time to roam.
Now supper comes, and story time,
And then a pillow fight.
The happiest time of all the day
Is had at candle-light.

At candle-light, at candle-light
You see the children go
All trooping up the stairs to bed,
In gowns as white as snow;
And soon they're lost in dreamless sleep,
Heads on soft pillows pressed,
And quiet stars their watches keep,
While all the children rest.

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

THE INVALID'S COMPLAINT

THIS house is slow and still and dry
In every way,
Until I'm sick and have to lie
Up-stairs all day,
When through the rooms and on the lawn
You never heard such goings-on!

Then Bruno barks as if he'd found
A lion's trail.
When I am well he pokes around
And wags his tail.
It almost seems as if he knew
The tantalizing thing to do.

Then baby gets a whiff of broth
Somewhere close by,
And pulls up by the tablecloth
And makes things fly.
He always waits till I'm in bed
To stick fly-paper on his head.

THE INVALID'S COMPLAINT 151

That's just the way — they slam the door
And call "Look out!"
And make great rushes 'cross the floor,
And scream about.
I almost fancy where I lie
The circus must be going by.

And when the great excitement's done
And things grow still,
I rack my brains about the fuss,
When I am ill.
Yet when I speak of noises queer
They only ask, "What noises, dear?"

ELIZABETH THORNTON TURNER

LITTLE GRETCHEN'S LILY

IT was in the middle of the summer and very hot. The people of a little village were thirsty. The stream from which they got water was so small that it had dried up in the heat. When it rained they caught the raindrops in pails and pans. The men and boys went to the nearest village and brought back what water they could carry.

But still the people were thirsty. There was not water enough for all. Fathers worked with eyes burning with heat and with dry lips. Mothers gave their children only a few drops of the precious water. People grew sick with fever. Animals became too weak to work or play. Birds stopped singing. Gardens dried up. Flowers withered.

Little Gretchen, the lame child, grew white and thin. To be sure, everybody who had any water offered some to little Gretchen, for she was the pet of the village. But little

Gretchen would usually find an old person or a baby or an animal or a bird that she thought needed it more. And each day she saved a few drops to pour on her lily. The lily was the only flower left in the village.

And then one day there came to the village a man with a wagon full of water in bottles. He sold this water to the people. He took all their money for it — big pieces of gold for small bottles of water. He came again, but the people's gold was gone. So he took their clothes. He came again, and they had no clothes left but the poor ones they wore. So he took their furniture.

He came again, but there were left only some poor chairs and here and there a bed. So he took anything he could lay his hands on — the bell from the church tower which called the people to prayer, the gold wedding rings from the mothers, and he would have taken little Gretchen's crutch, only the people cried, "Not that!" and he would have taken her lily, only Gretchen herself said, "The lily cannot go!"

And then came a man on horseback, riding fast and furious and waving in his hand a white paper.

“A message from the king!” he cried. “The king is turning a mountain stream out of its bed so that it shall flow through the village. The king has hundreds of men at work upon it.”

But the people did not shout or smile. “We have nothing to pay for the water!” they said sadly, and went into their bare houses and cried. Little Gretchen let her tears fall upon her lily, hoping they would water it.

Soon the dry bed of the stream began to be filled with water. The mountain stream had been turned into it. The water gurgled and splashed. It looked fresh and cool. But not a person in the village dared to drink it, for they had no money or clothes or furniture to pay for it. They even drove the animals away from the stream, for fear the king should kill them for drinking the precious water. Only little Gretchen stole down and got a few drops for her lily, which was hanging its white head.

And then the king himself came to the village — the king, in splendid clothes and flashing jewels. And he cried, “Drink, my people, and live! The water is free to all.

Take it without price. It is yours, my people, freely yours!"

Oh, how the people hurried then to the bank of the stream, with pitchers and cups and pails! How they hastened to take it to those too sick and old to get it for themselves! How the children laughed as they drank! How the mothers cried for joy! How eagerly the animals lapped it up! How the birds bathed themselves in the tiny pools and flew away singing! And how little Gretchen flooded her lily till it raised its drooping head! Then she broke its stalk and handed it to the king.

"My lily and my love for the gift of water," Gretchen said.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

ROBERT'S SURPRISE

EVER since Robert could remember he had wanted to go across the big river bridge and climb the hill on the other side.

“When you are five years old, Robert, I will take you,” Uncle Ben said, and Robert could hardly wait for the time to come.

His fifth birthday came at last, and early in the morning Uncle Ben appeared. He carried a box of lunch and told Robert that he had his birthday present in his pocket.

“It doesn’t seem as if this were really me,” Robert declared, when at last they had crossed the bridge and began to climb the hill.

It was a hard climb for a little fellow, and Robert was so busy keeping up with Uncle Ben that he did not stop to look behind him. At last they reached the place where they were to rest and eat their lunch. Robert sat down on a stone and looked at the valley below.

“Oh, see!” he cried, “there is the river,

and oh, Uncle Ben, do look at that big white house with the trees around it! I wish I lived there."

"Do you?" asked Uncle Ben, with a queer smile.

They ate their lunch and then Uncle Ben took something out of his pocket.

"Here is your birthday present," he said.

Robert looked curiously at the long black object his uncle held.

"It is a small telescope," said Uncle Ben. "Shut one eye and look through it at the river."

Robert did so. "Why, it looks as if it were right here on the hill!" he cried. "Let me look at the white house. Why!"

Robert was too astonished to say anything more. He recognized his own mother standing on the porch of the white house.

Uncle Ben laughed. "You did not know you had such a beautiful home, did you?" he asked.

"Is that really my house?" Robert exclaimed. He looked again. "It is," he said, "and oh, Uncle Ben, it's so pretty I want to go right back there!"

ANNIE LOUISE BERRAY

WHY

I WONDER why they call it "spring."
Is it because the birds are singing?
Is it because, on every hand,
We see the grass and flowers springing?

Perhaps so, but I like to think
It's 'cause my heart feels just like singing
At all the beauty everywhere,
And, as I walk, I feel like springing.

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

A PLEASANT COUNTRY

I'D like to go to London,
To see the king and queen;"
"I'd like to go to Egypt
Where crocodiles are seen;"
"I'd like to go to Scotland
And meet a Highland clan,"
Said Dick and Ned and Johnny.
And then they all began
To question little Enid,
Just five years old that day.
"I'd like to go to Lapland,"
She said. "I'd like to stay
Till I'd seen all the children —
The little girls and p'r'aps
The boys, if they were tired —
Up in their mothers' laps."

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD

THE CROWN

THERE was, once upon a time, a little girl who wanted a crown. She thought that if she had a pretty crown to set on top of her yellow curls she would be a princess.

“Crowns really make little girls into princesses,” said this little girl, and she wanted to be a princess more than anything else in the world.

So the little girl went out to her garden looking for something which would serve her for a crown, and the first thing that she saw was the rose-bush all covered with garlands of pretty pink roses.

“I will make a crown of these roses,” cried the little girl. “It will surely make me look like a princess.”

She stripped off the pink roses, not at all carefully, and she wove them into a crown which really looked very pretty on top of her hair. Then she sat down by the fountain to look at herself in the clear water.

It was a very warm day and as the little girl sat by the fountain the roses in her crown began to fade. They faded very quickly, and grew brown and shriveled and wilted. As she watched them in the mirror of the water, the petals began to fall and then the crown was not pretty any longer.

"I must find something else for my crown," cried the little girl, and she looked in the garden beds for the most beautiful flowers that grew there. At last she saw the patch of blue forget-me-nots, so she picked great bunches of them, and she plaited them together to make herself an even more beautiful crown than the first one. These flowers grew near the garden fence and as the little girl was picking them, a beggar child peered through the fence, watching her.

When the crown of flowers was finished, the beggar child reached out her arms, crying, "May I have a flower? Please give me a flower."

But the little girl was so busy arranging her curls and the flower crown on top of the curls that she paid not the slightest heed.

Again the beggar child cried, "Please give me a flower."

This time the little girl heard, but she tossed her head and said, "You shall have no flowers. I want them all, every one of them."

As she spoke, the little girl put her hand to her head, but, alas, the forget-me-nots were no longer fresh. Like the roses, they had withered and quite dried up.

"I don't believe I shall ever be able to wear a crown," said the little girl. "I think I will give up trying to make one."

So she went in the house and sang to the baby who was crying, and then she rocked him until he fell into the sweetest of naps. She smoothed her mother's head because it ached, and she read a story from her story-book to her grandmother, and then she went out-of-doors again to the garden.

Some of the flowers were drooping their heads, so she watered these. She pulled away the weeds that choked other flowers, and toward the end of the afternoon she saw the same beggar child looking in at her through the garden fence.

"Would you like some roses?" asked the little girl politely, reaching out some beautiful pink ones through the gate.

"Oh, thank you!" cried the beggar child.
Then she looked at the little girl.

"Why, you have a crown upon your head," she said in wonder.

"I don't feel it," said the little girl,
putting her hand up to her head.

But the crown was really there, a glittering
crown of sunshine lying in a great gold circle
on the little girl's yellow curls.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE SLEEP FACES

WHEN I am going off to sleep,
A crowd of faces comes to me,
And all the people of the day
Steal softly up where I can see.

There's nursie, with her muslin cap,
The cross old man that stopped to drink,
The grocer and the big schoolboy —
More faces than you'd ever think.

Sometimes the faces are unkind
Or wink at me, or frown or pout.
Then mother comes to say good night,
And her face puts the others out.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

THE MOON

AT night the moon is cold and still.
I see it from my window wide.
It shines like silver on our hill,
And lights up all the world beside.

I wonder if in Dutch-land, too,
Where all the boats and windmills grow,
And everything you see is blue,
The moon lights up the water so.

Do you suppose in gay Japan
A little girl in her bright gown,
Like those that live upon my fan,
Can see my dear moon shining down?

Where China folks our dishes make,
Perhaps each time the moon comes up,
And China children are awake,
They think it is a bowl or cup.

But I would rather watch it here,
And lean upon my window-sill.
I'm sure there's no place anywhere
It shines so bright as on our hill.

MARION MALLETTE THORNTON

THE VOICES BENNIE HEARD

ONCE there was a boy named Bennie, and there were some things he liked to do and some things he did not like to do. The things he especially liked to do were to eat food that was sweet, such as frosted cake and bread and molasses, and play any game that was played outdoors — “Indian,” or hide-and-go-seek, or storming a fort with snowballs—and to sit up later than his bedtime, which came at seven. The things he especially did not like to do were to eat porridge and to stay in the house and to go to bed and to get up. It was funny how he hated to get into his bed and how he hated to get out of it.

One day in the winter the snow lay deep and white and smooth all over the ground. It was just the sort of snow for making a fort and snowballs and for sliding on. It seemed to twinkle and wink at Bennie and call,

"Come out and have some fun! Come!" But there was Bennie with a hard cold, looking wistfully from the warm side of the window.

He really could not bear to look very long, so he wandered into the pantry. And what do you suppose he found there? Why, a cake so covered with white frosting that he could not see the cake beneath, and as his mouth watered for it, mother came with a bowl of the porridge he so much hated.

And then the telephone bell rang — *br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!* It brought the bad news that grandmother was sick and needed mother. So away hurried mother, and for the hour before father came Bennie was alone. All through that hour he had a terrible time between the things he liked to do and the things he did not like to do. The snow seemed to have a voice which called, "Slide on me!" The white-frosted cake seemed to have a voice, too, which called, "Eat me!"

Now it is pretty hard for a boy to be left alone with white snow sparkling outside and white frosting sparkling inside, and no

mother to say, "You must not!" So I say it was a brave boy whom father found, when he came home, eating porridge, with his back toward the window.

Perhaps you think that now all Bennie's hard time was over. No, it was not, for seven o'clock came and father never noticed. Father's head was behind his newspaper, and Bennie knew well that when father's head was once behind his newspaper, he never thought about a boy's bedtime or anything but just the news. Here was a chance to sit up later than he had ever sat up in all his life! And would you believe it, the clock had a voice! It struck seven and each stroke seemed to be a word, like this: "Stay-up-stay-up-stay-up-stay-up!"

It was cozy down-stairs by the lamp. It was very far away up-stairs, very far indeed, when father with his head behind his newspaper was the only other person in the house.

Five minutes past seven, and Bennie still sat up.

Ten minutes past, and Bennie still sat up.

A quarter past, and Bennie jumped out of

his chair and said, "It's after bedtime, father. Will you please help undress me?"

And now what do you suppose the clock seemed to say, as it ticked on and on? "Brave-boy-brave-boy-brave-boy!"

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

AT BEDTIME

WHEN half-past six is nearly here—
That's sleepy-time, you know —
I kneel to say my evening prayer,
Before to bed I go.

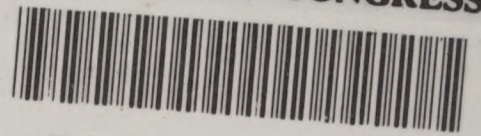
I kneel and clasp my hands awhile,
And then, when I am through,
I find the dear old nursery clock
Is clasping its hands, too!

ELIZABETH THORNTON TURNER

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